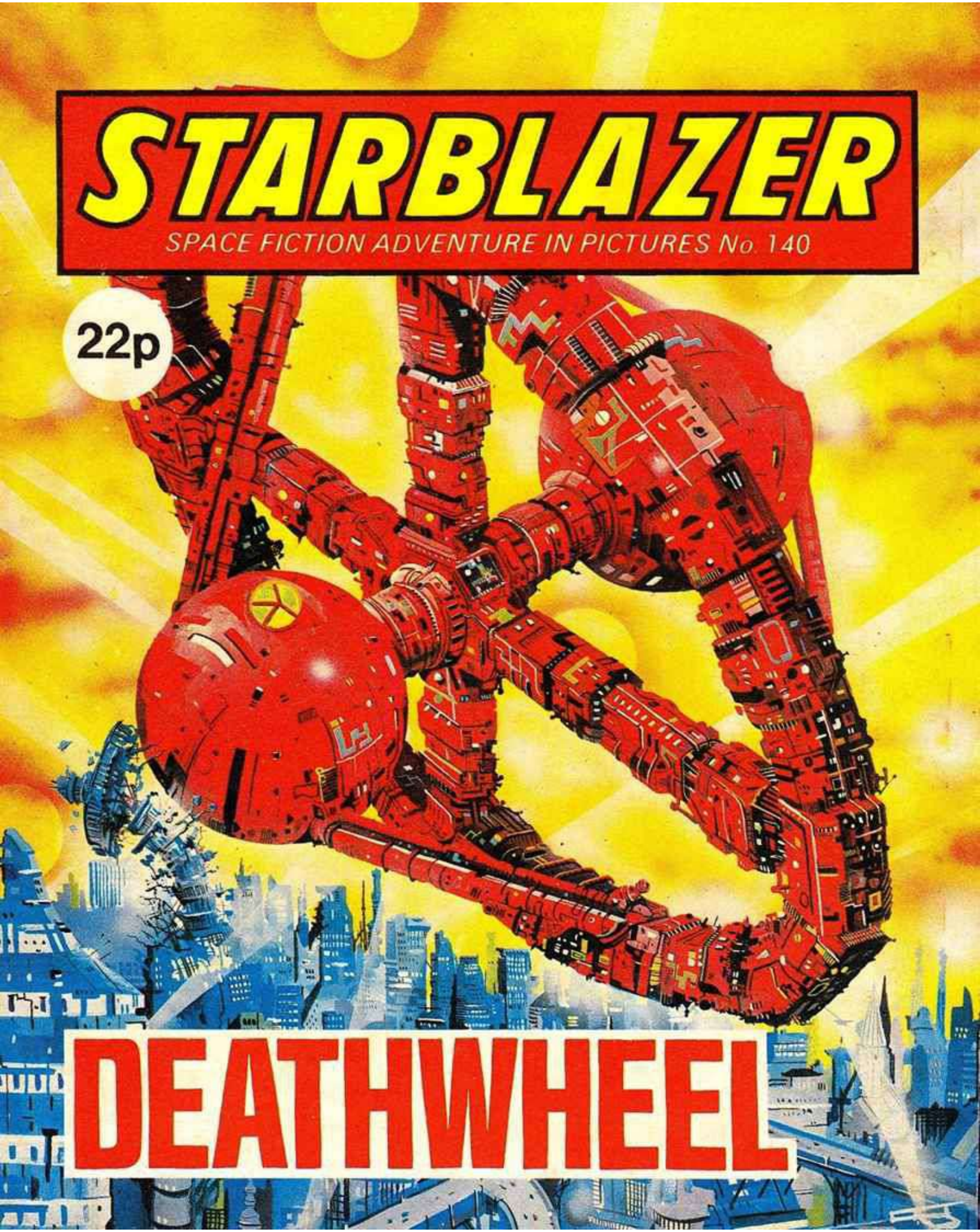
STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 140

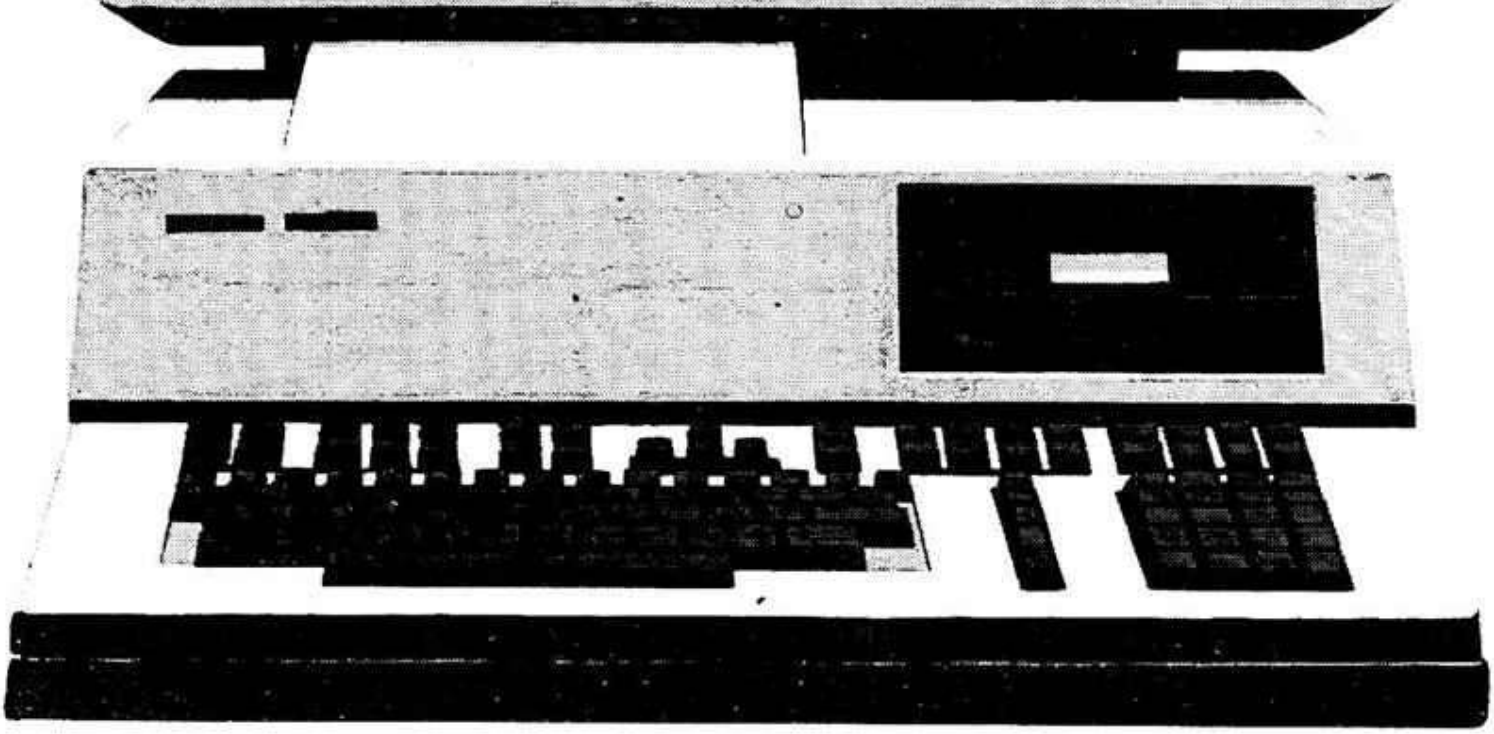
22p

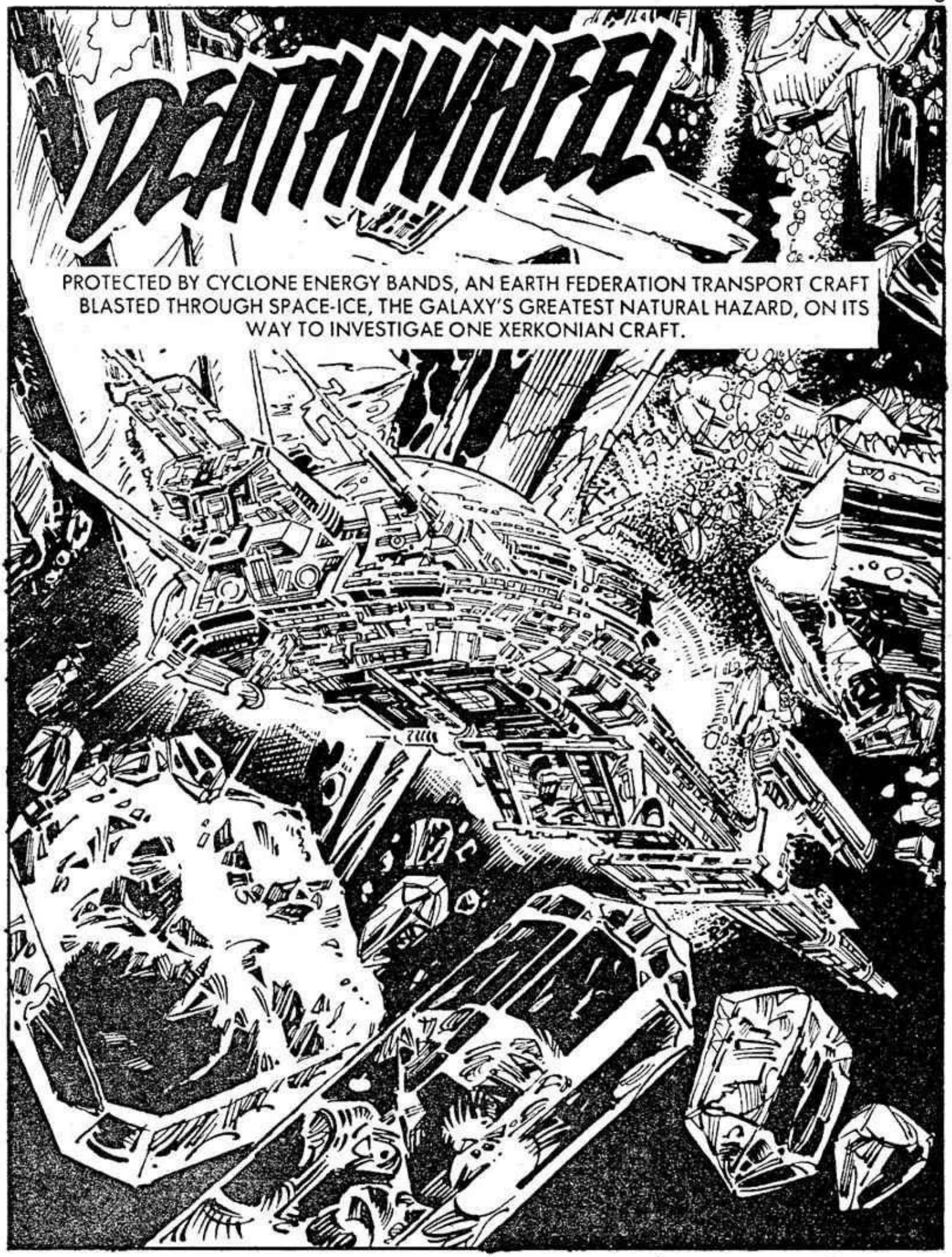


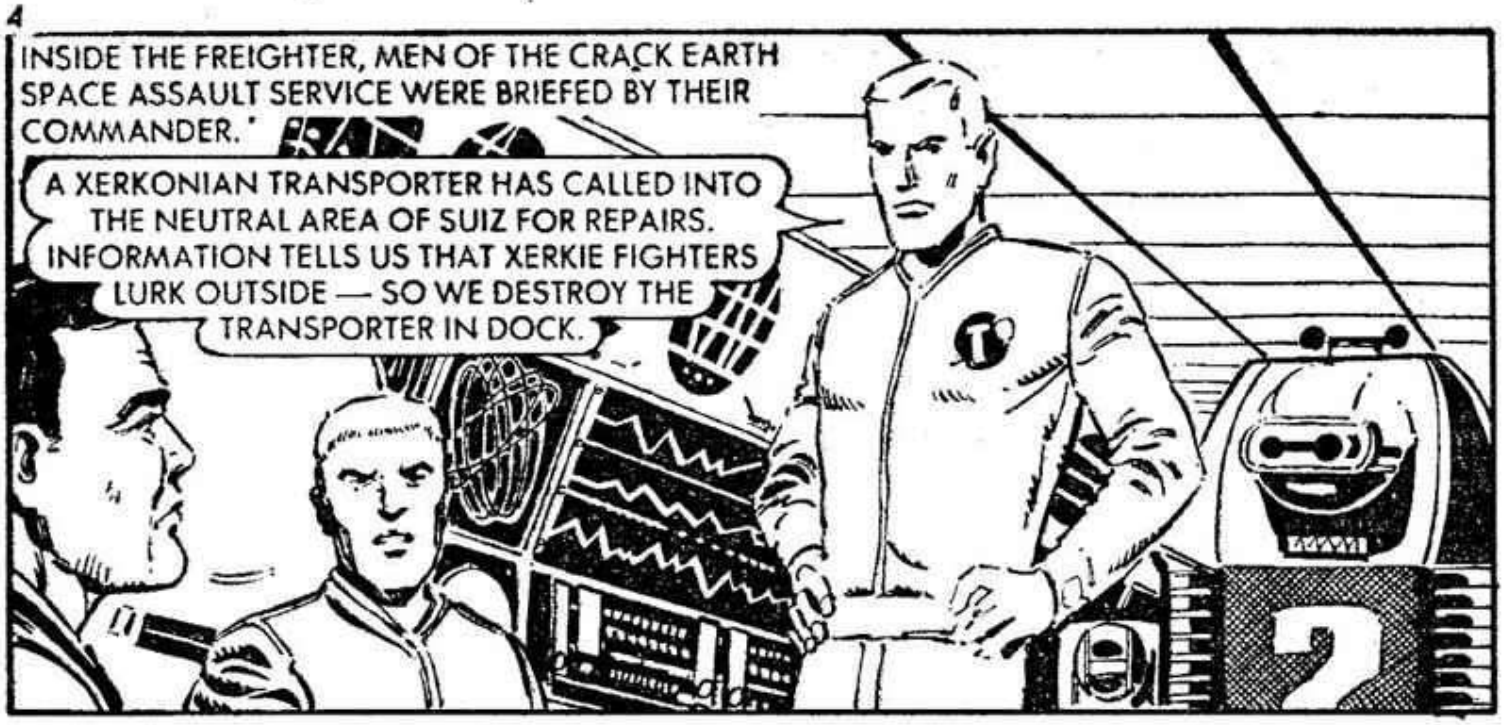
DEATHWHEEL

STARBLAZER

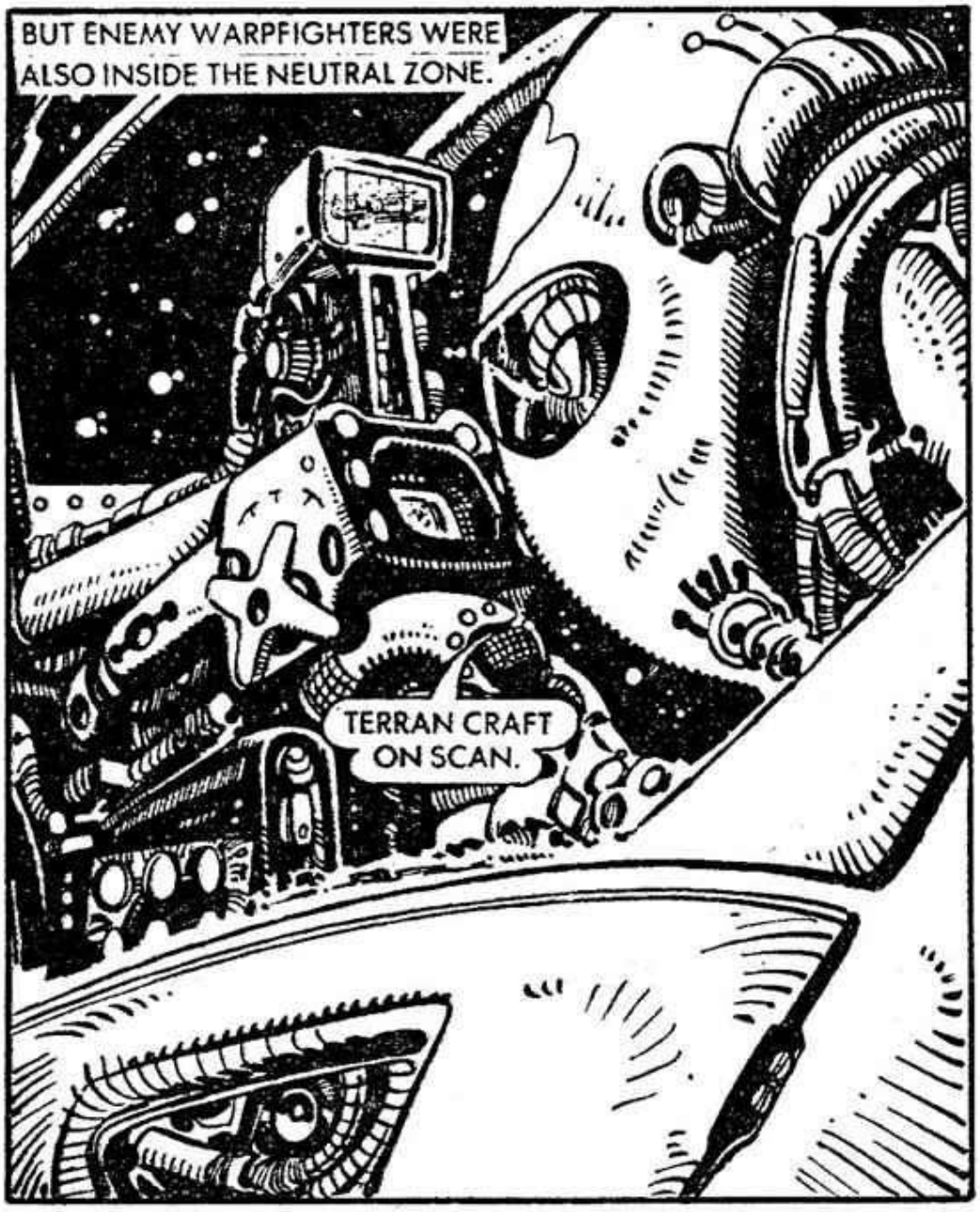
THE EARTH FEDERATION'S STRUGGLE WITH THE RUTHLESS XERKONIAN EMPIRE HAD REACHED A CRITICAL STAGE. THE TWO POWERS WERE EQUALLY BALANCED AND, WHILST SPECIALIST FORCES, LIKE THE FEDERATION'S SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE, FOUGHT TO TIP THE SCALES AGAINST THE ENEMY, BOTH SIDES TRIED TO CREATE A NEW AND DEADLY WEAPON TO BREAK THE STALEMATE. EARTH SUSPECTED THAT THE XERKONIANS HAD ALL BUT COMPLETED THEIR WEAPON BECAUSE OF INCREASED ACTIVITY. CRAFT FROM THE TERRAN DEFENCE SQUAD SLID INTO DEEP SPACE TO INVESTIGATE.




DEATHWHEEL
PROTECTED BY CYCLONE ENERGY BANDS, AN EARTH FEDERATION TRANSPORT CRAFT BLASTED THROUGH SPACE-ICE, THE GALAXY'S GREATEST NATURAL HAZARD, ON ITS WAY TO INVESTIGAE ONE XERKONIAN CRAFT.


INSIDE THE FREIGHTER, MEN OF THE CRACK EARTH SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE WERE BRIEFED BY THEIR COMMANDER.
A XERKONIAN TRANSPORTER HAS CALLED INTO THE NEUTRAL AREA OF SUIZ FOR REPAIRS. INFORMATION TELLS US THAT XERKIE FIGHTERS LURK OUTSIDE — SO WE DESTROY THE TRANSPORTER IN DOCK.

AS THEY ENTERED THE AREA OF SUIZ, HAVING STUDIED CHARTS OF THE SECTOR—
REMEMBER, STAY UNDERCOVER UNTIL THE ATTACK. WE ARE WAY OUTSIDE THE COMBAT AREA. MILITARY PERSONNEL, WHETHER FEDERATION OR XERKIES, ARE NOT WELCOME IN THIS ZONE!

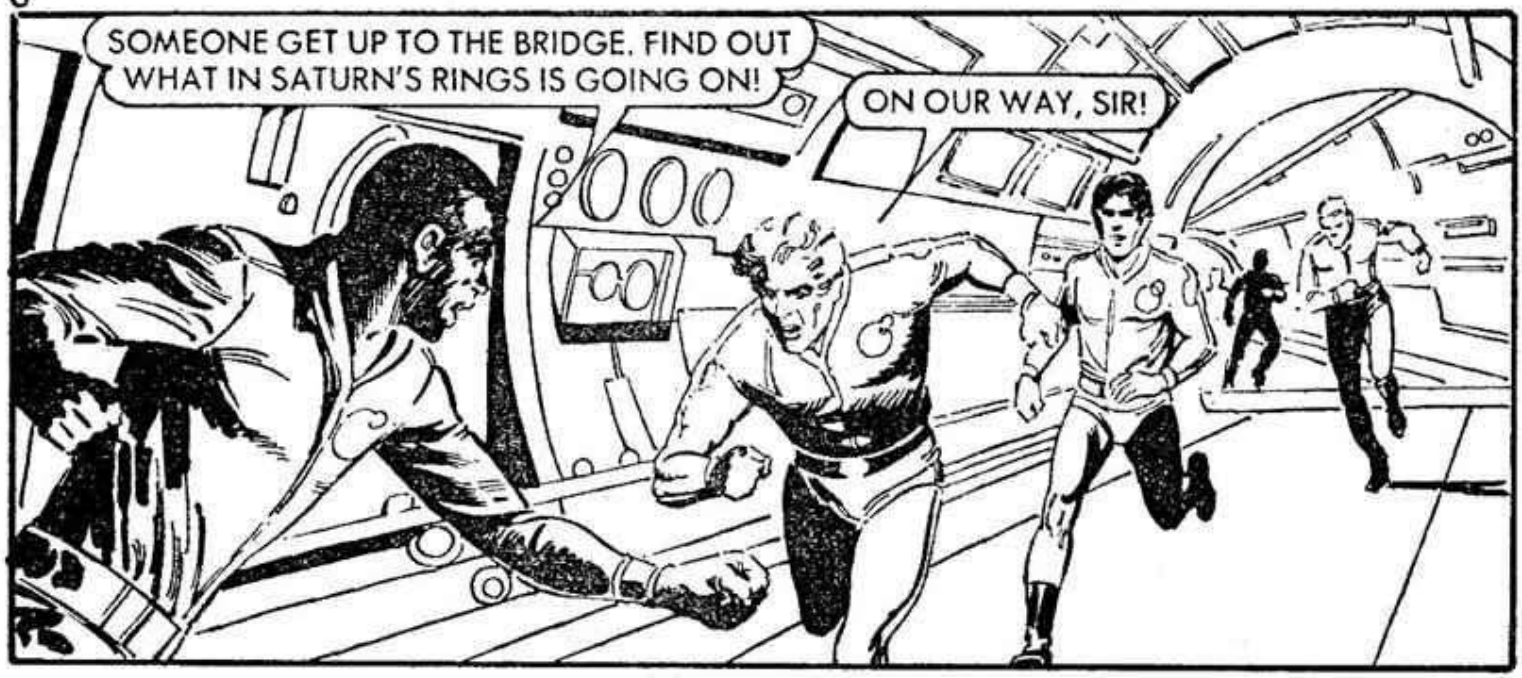

BUT ENEMY WARPFIGHTERS WERE ALSO INSIDE THE NEUTRAL ZONE.
TERRAN CRAFT ON SCAN.

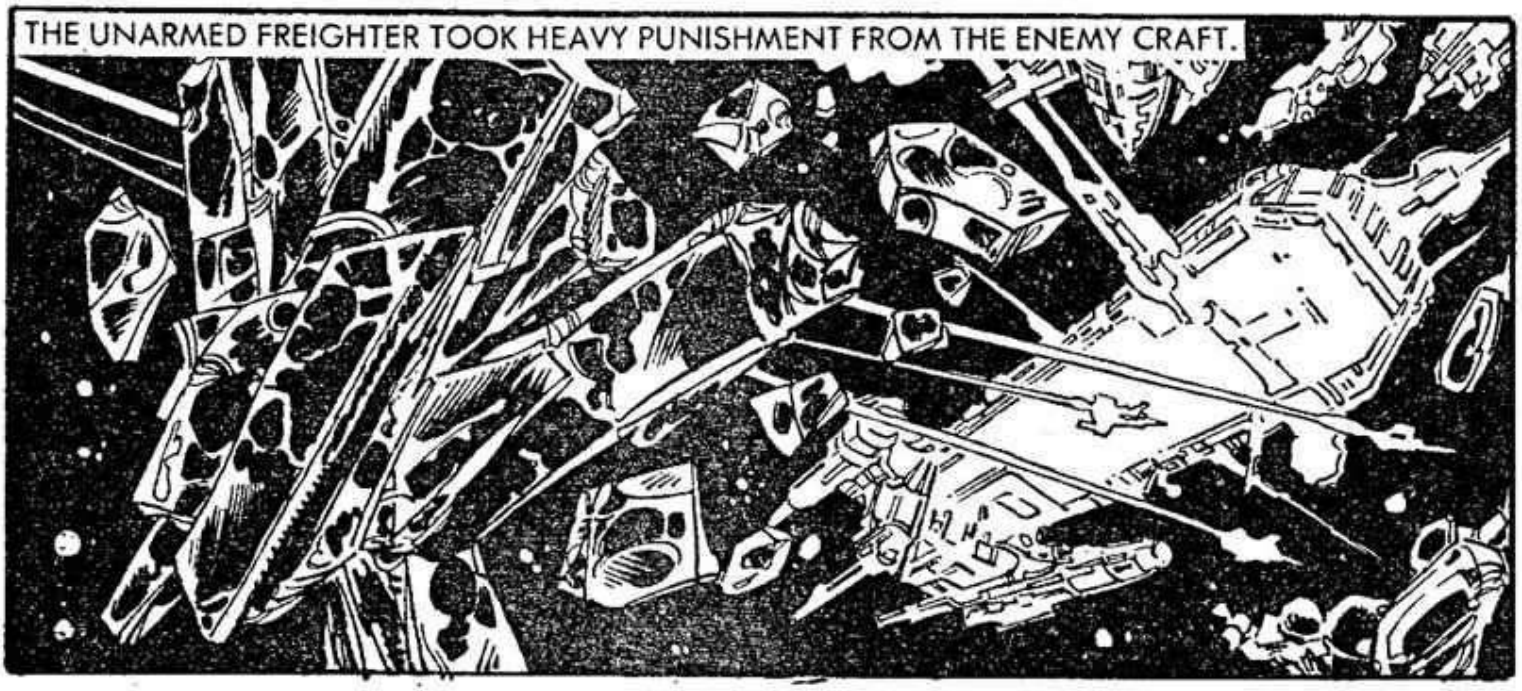
THE WARPFIGHTER PAID NO HEED TO THE CONVENTIONS OF WAR.

FIRE!

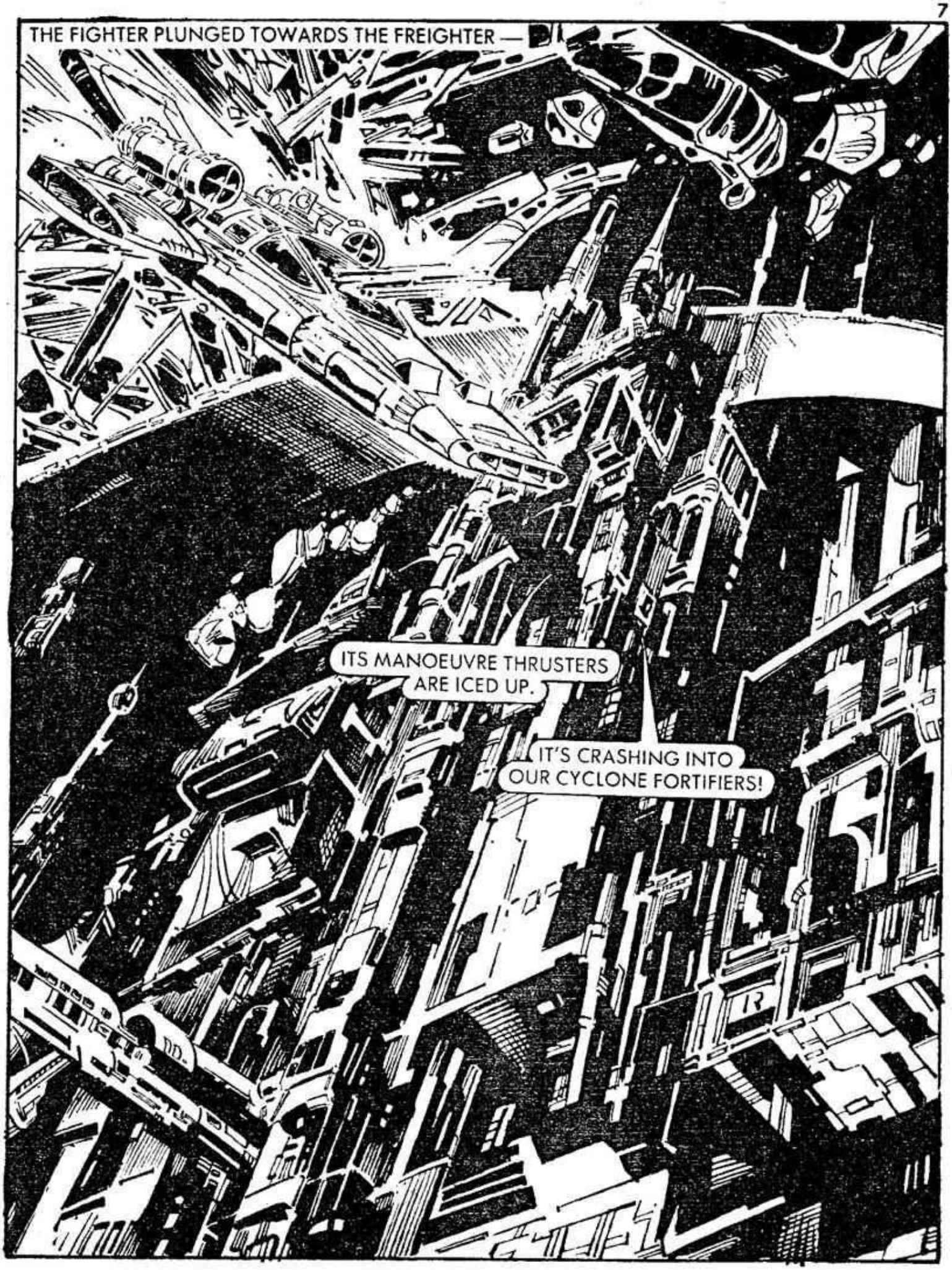
ON BOARD THE TERRAN VESSEL—

RED ALERT!
RED ALERT!


SOMEONE GET UP TO THE BRIDGE. FIND OUT WHAT IN SATURN'S RINGS IS GOING ON!
ON OUR WAY, SIR!


THE UNARMED FREIGHTER TOOK HEAVY PUNISHMENT FROM THE ENEMY CRAFT.

ON THE BRIDGE —
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
XERKIE WARPFIGHTERS. THEY CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.
LOOK, THAT ONE'S IN TROUBLE— OUT OF CONTROL!


THE FIGHTER PLUNGED TOWARDS THE FREIGHTER —
ITS MANOEUVRE THRUSTERS ARE ICED UP.
IT'S CRASHING INTO OUR CYCLONE FORTIFIERS!

THE SPACE-ICE GOT IT! THE OTHER WARPFIGHTERS ARE PULLING AWAY BEFORE IT GETS THEM TOO!
DAMAGE
ALERT
OUR ENERGY BANDS ARE DOWN — THE SPACE-ICE WILL CRUSH US TO PULP!

BREWER AND I ARE MECHS, CAPTAIN. WE CAN REPAIR THE FORTIFIERS.
I'VE NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT . . . BUT IT'S TOO RISKY!

WITH NO ALTERNATIVE THE TWO MECHS WERE ALLOWED TO ATTEMPT THE DANGEROUS REPAIR OPERATION.
WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY OR THE SPACE-ICE WILL START FORMING ON OUR SUITS.
IT WAS A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME.

BRIDGE TO MECHS . . . THE SHIP'S PRESSURE IS REACHING CRITICAL. SHE'S GOING TO BREAK UP!
BREWER HERE . . . ALL SYSTEMS ON LINE! WE'RE FINISHED. YOU CAN RE-ENERGISE THE CYCLONE BANDS.

BUT EVEN AS THE ENERGY BANDS WERE RESTORED . . .
A WARPFIGHTER!

MORE WARPFIGHTERS SWEPT PAST SEEDING THE AREA WITH MINES —

MY MECHS HAVE BEEN HIT — SEND A RESCUE PARTY!
SORRY, COMMANDER, THEY'RE RELEASING HOMER MINES. IF THOSE HIT US, WE'RE DONE FOR. WE EITHER BLAST OUT OF HERE NOW OR DIE!

ON A SPACIAL ICEBERG —

THEY'RE LEAVING WITHOUT US!

THOSE HOMER MINES GAVE THEM NO CHOICE.

WE'RE STRANDED, AND THE SPACE-ICE IS BUILDING UP ON OUR SUITS.

THE PROTON LANCES WILL BURN IT OFF.

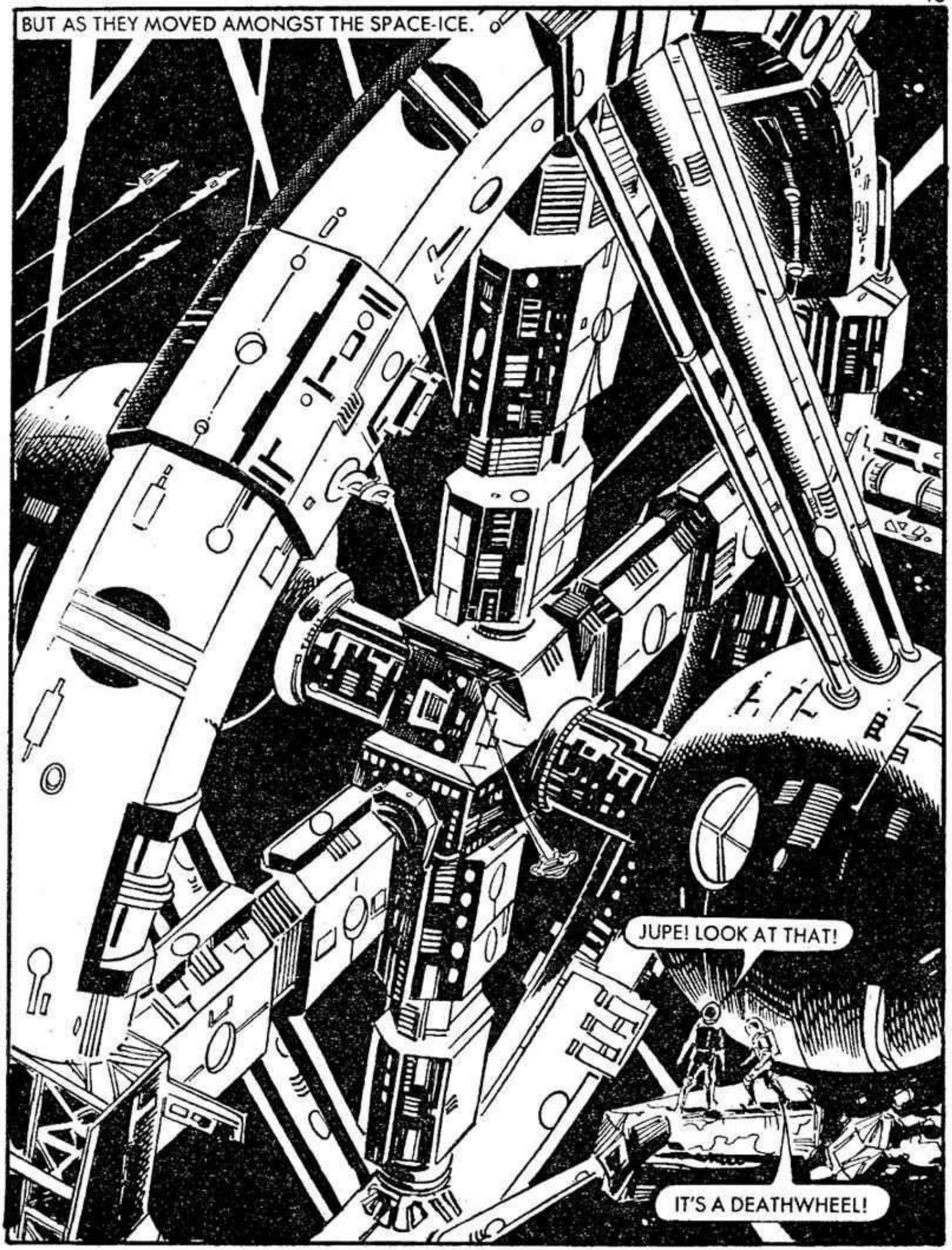
AS THE PROTON LANCE BIT INTO THE DEADLY SPACE-ICE.
LOOK OUT!

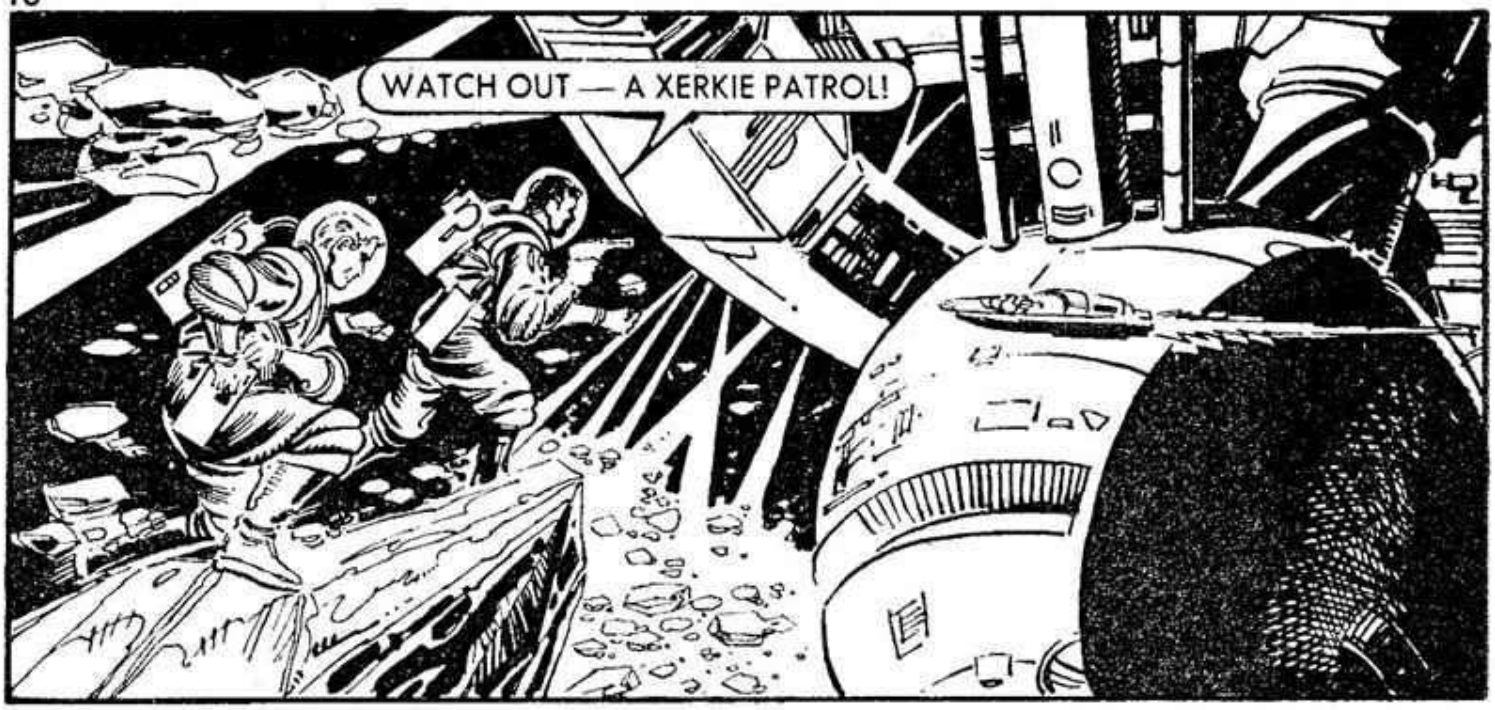
WITH THE SPACECRAFT GONE THE MINES HAD ONLY ONE TARGET LEFT —
THE MINES ARE HOMING IN ON THE METAL IN OUR SUITS!
USE THE JET PACKS!

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

OUR ONLY CHANCE NOW IS TO FOLLOW THE XERKIE WARPFIGHTERS. THEY ARE SHORT-RANGE CRAFT SO THERE MUST BE SOME SORT OF BASE NEARBY.

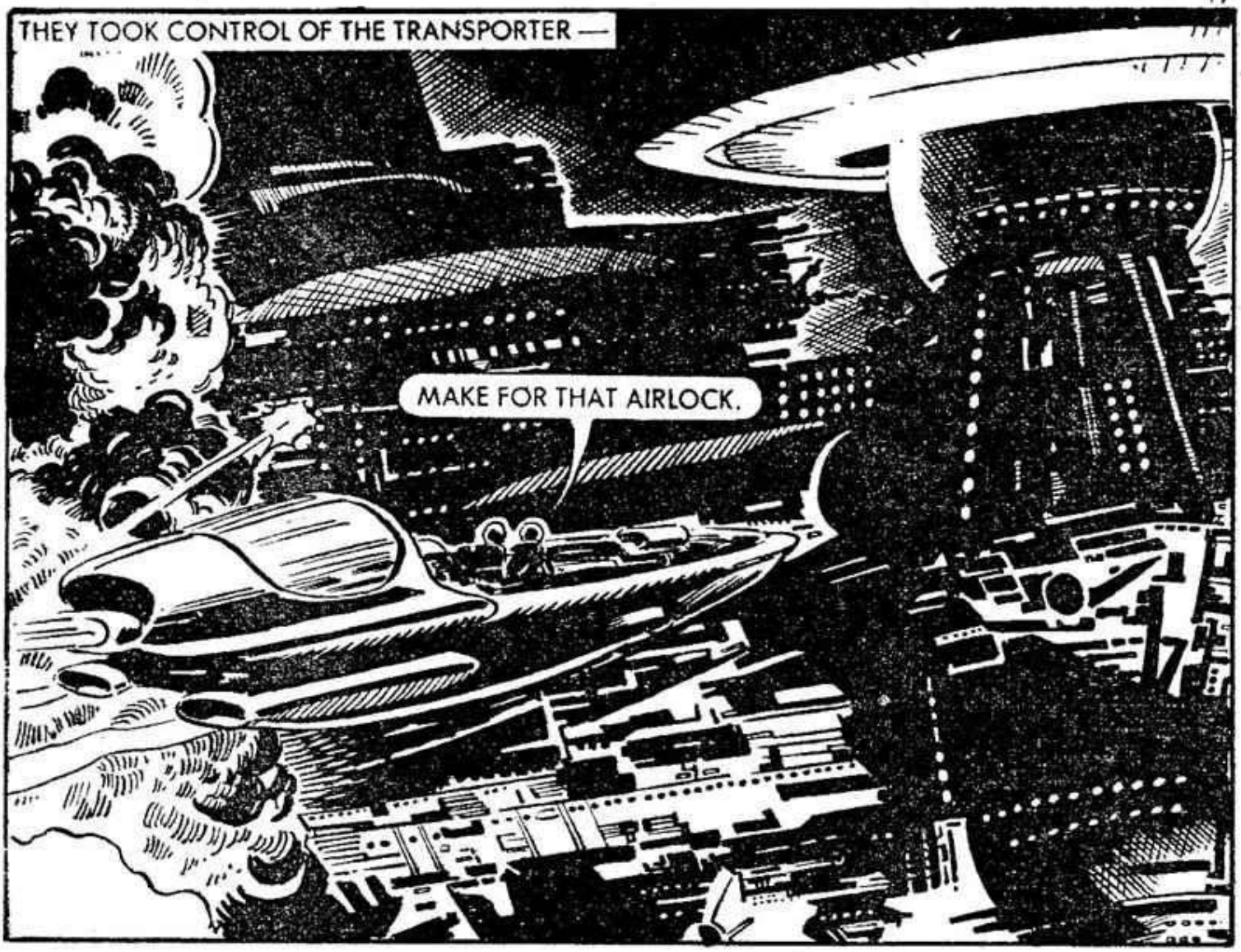
THEY SEARCHED UNTIL THE OXYGEN WAS ALMOST EXHAUSTED —
MY PACK'S NEARLY FINISHED. WE'VE RUN OUT OF TIME!

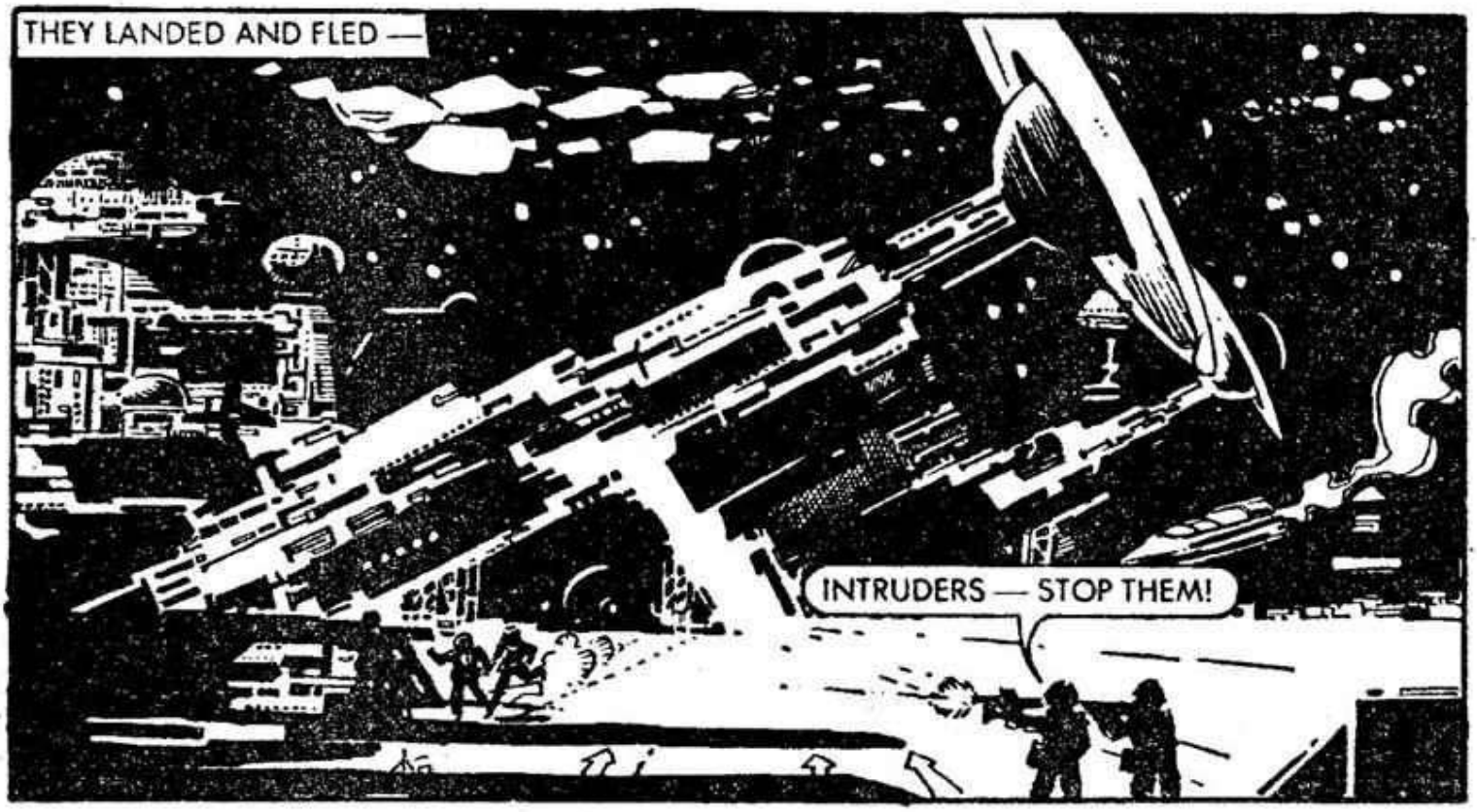

BUT AS THEY MOVED AMONGST THE SPACE-ICE.
JUPE! LOOK AT THAT!
IT'S A DEATHWHEEL!


WATCH OUT — A XERKIE PATROL!

EAT PROTONS, XERKIE!
MOVE OVER, FRIEND, WE NEED YOUR TRANSPORTER.

THOSE ARE SUPER-HARDENED ION BLADES. THEY'LL SLICE THROUGH ANYTHING.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

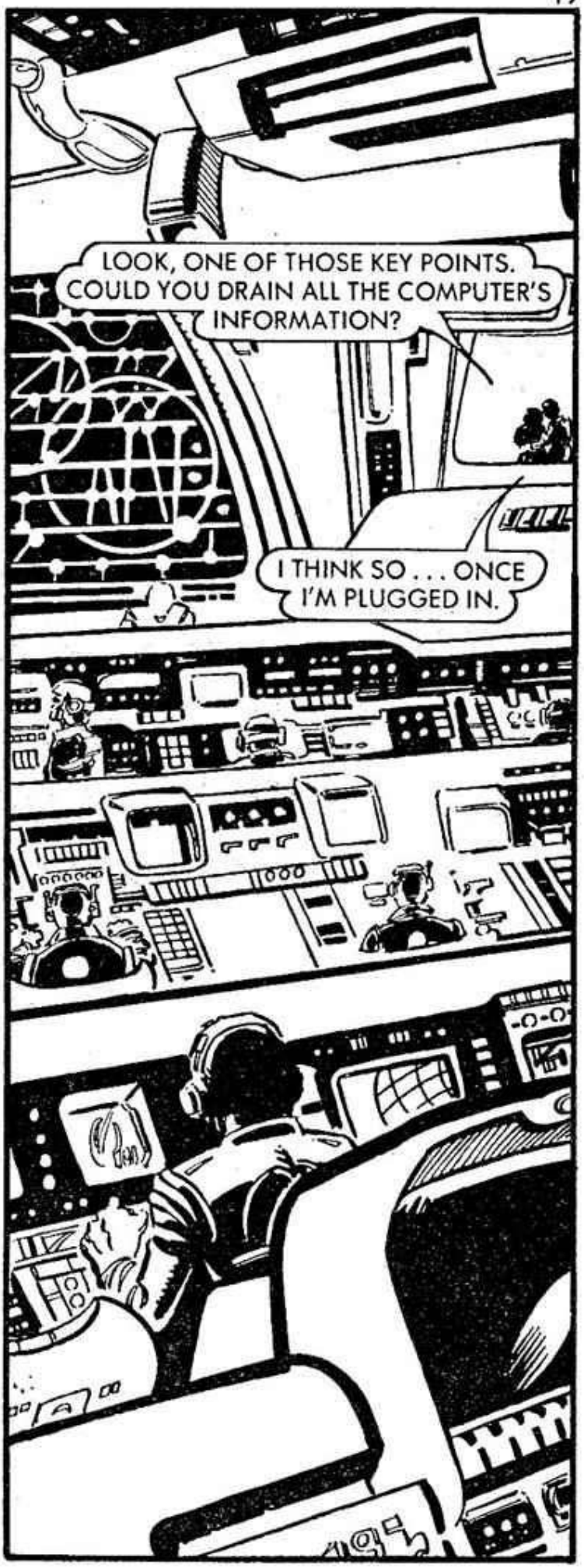

THEY TOOK CONTROL OF THE TRANSPORTER —
MAKE FOR THAT AIRLOCK.

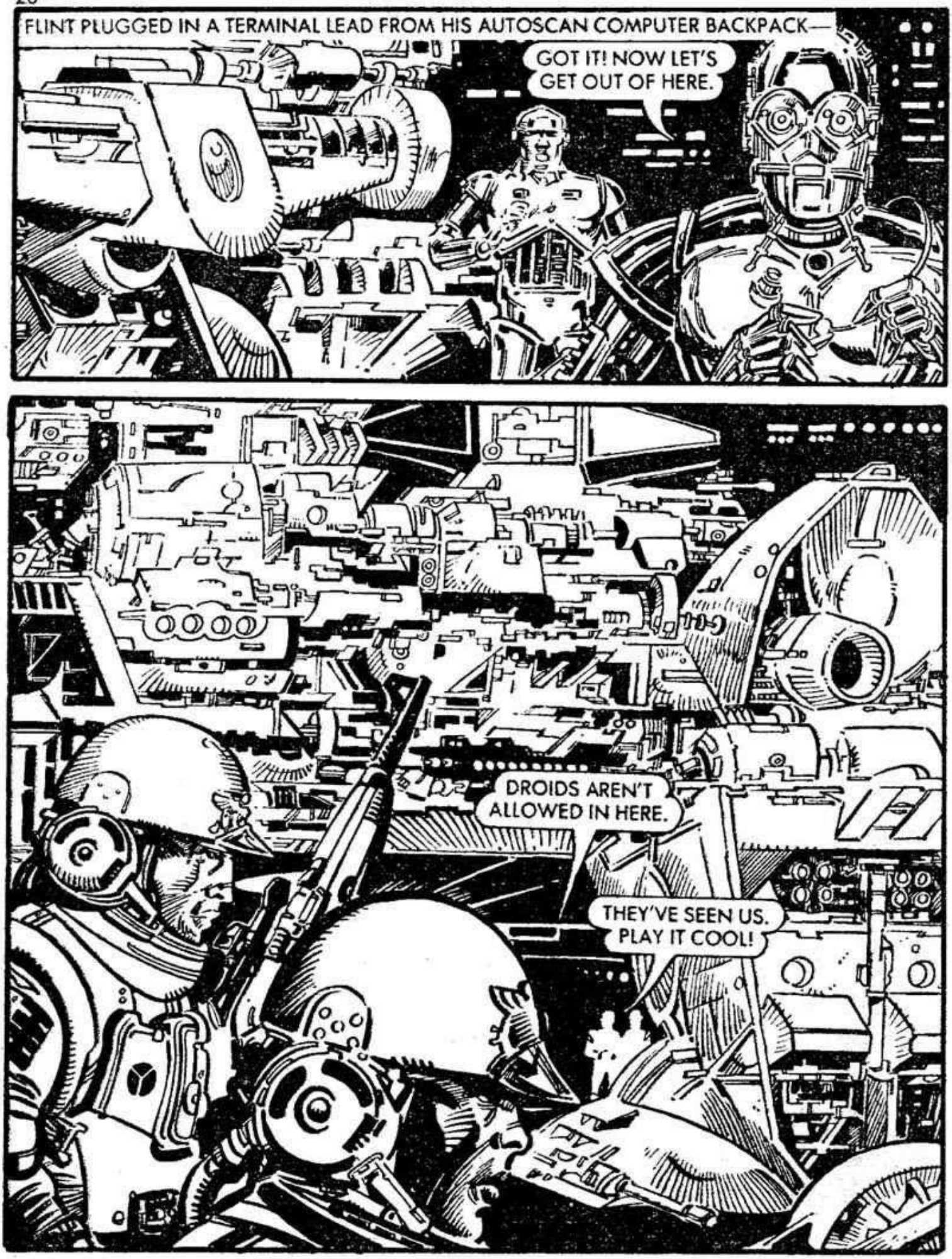

THEY LANDED AND FLED —
INTRUDERS — STOP THEM!

TIME TO MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE!

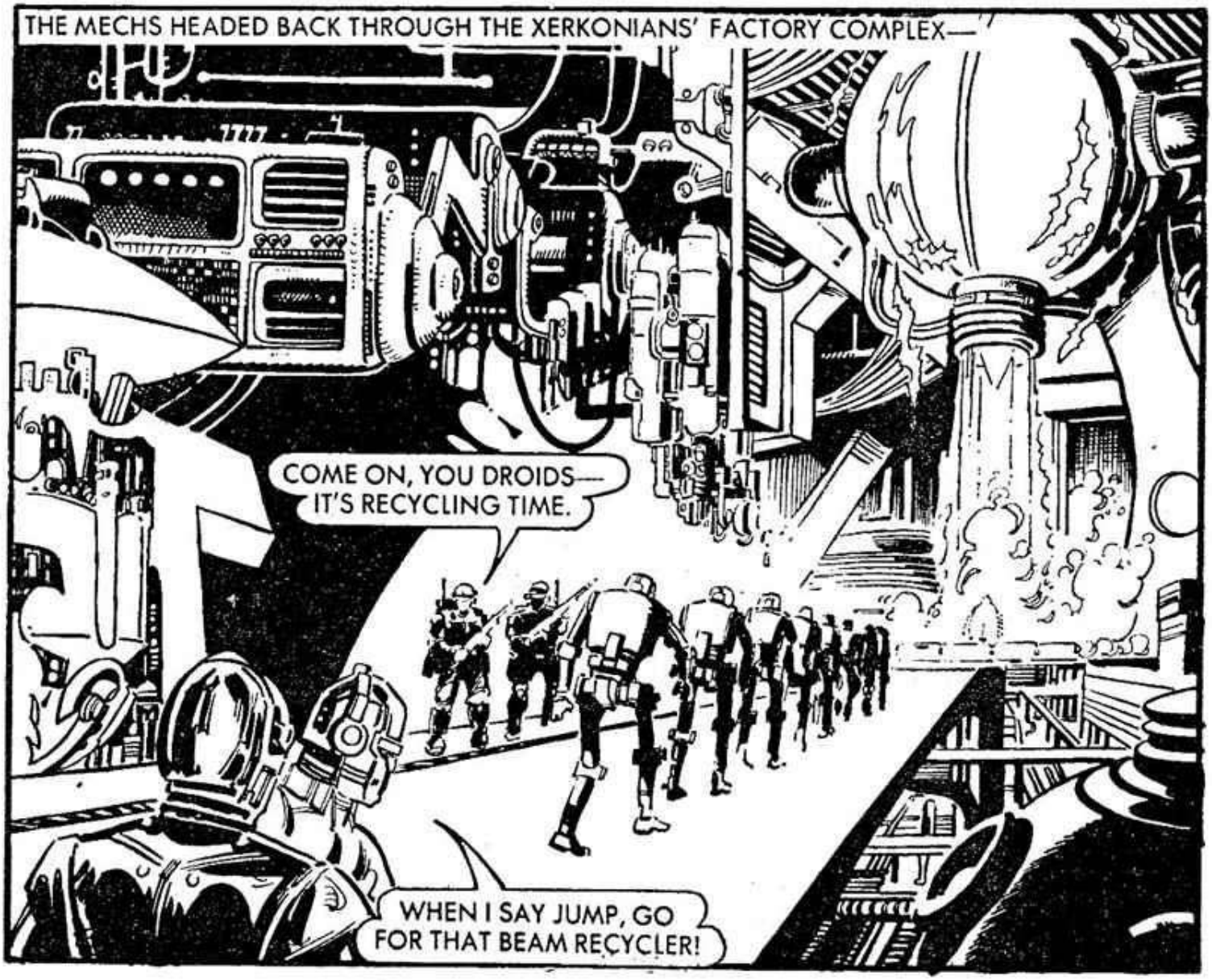
THE DROIDS ARE IGNORING US. THEY CAN'T BE PROGRAMMED TO REACT TO HUMANS.

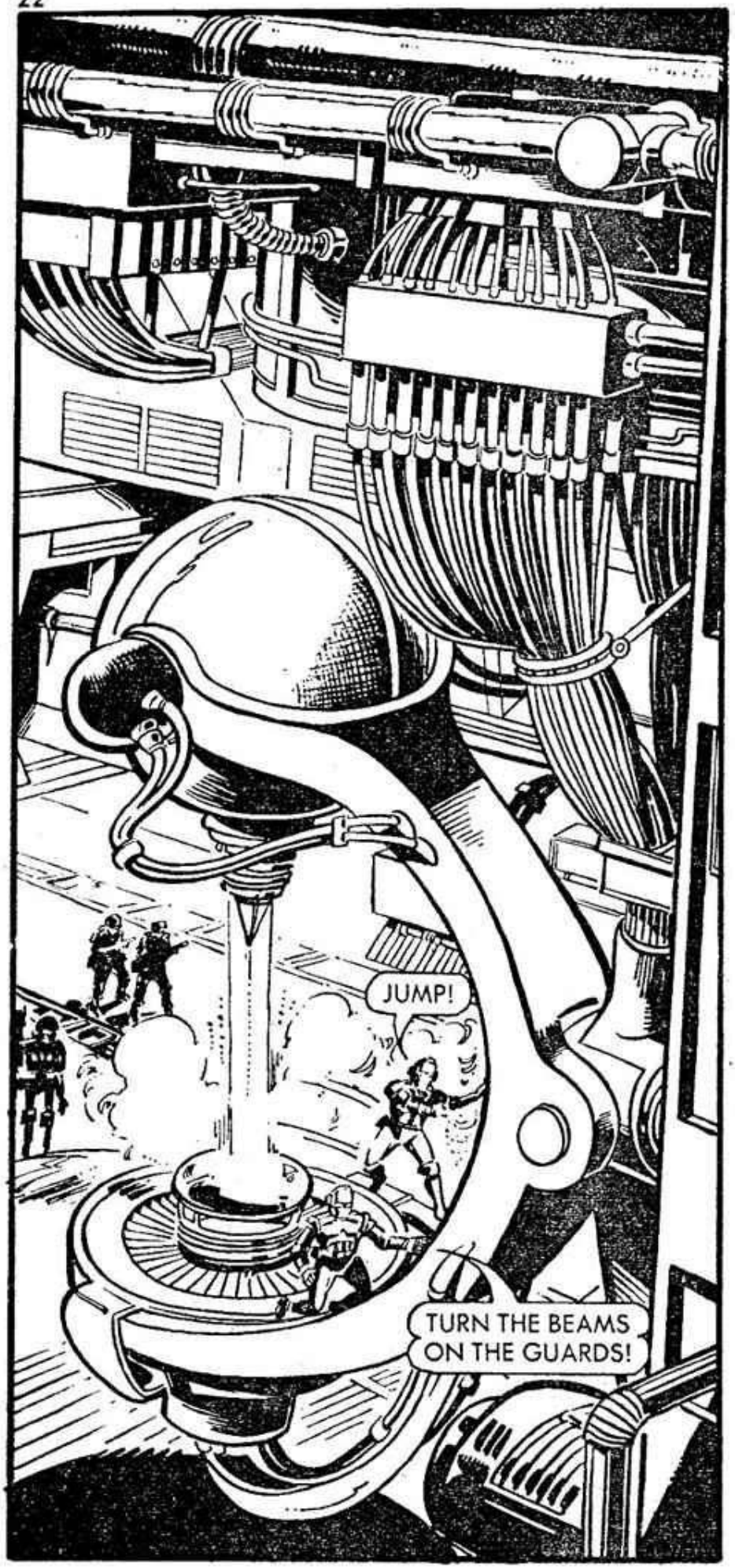
WITH A COVERING OF METALLIC DROID PANELS THEY WENT UNDETECTED—
WE'RE APPROACHING ITS CENTRE. THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CONTROL AREA UP AHEAD.

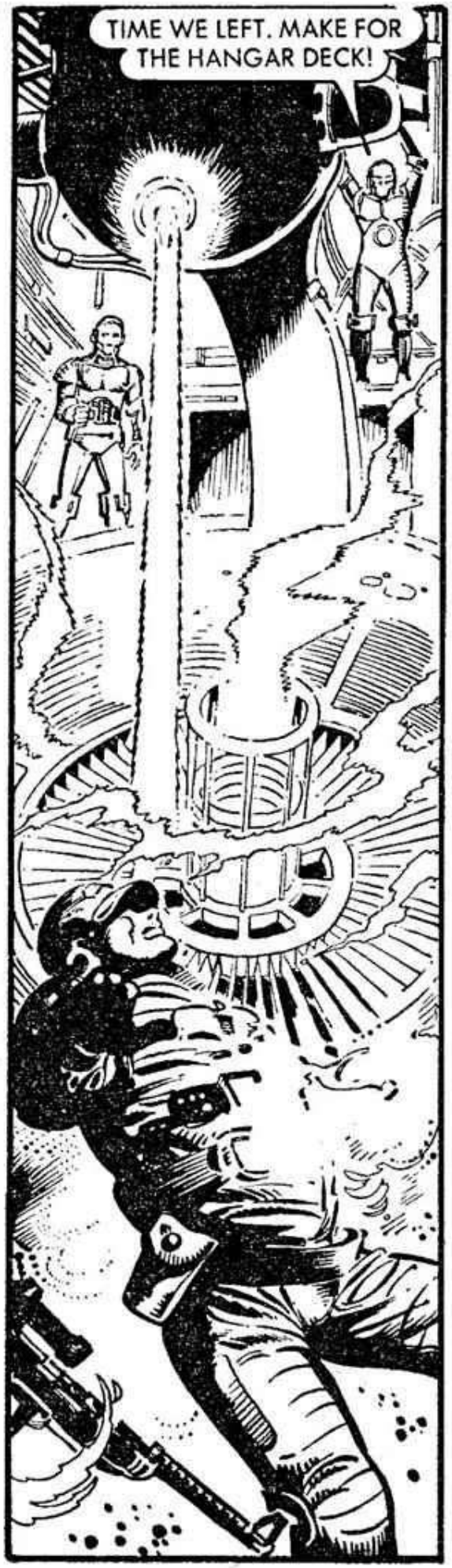

LOOK, ONE OF THOSE KEY POINTS. COULD YOU DRAIN ALL THE COMPUTER'S INFORMATION?
I THINK SO . . . ONCE I'M PLUGGED IN.


FLINT PLUGGED IN A TERMINAL LEAD FROM HIS AUTOSCAN COMPUTER BACKPACK—
GOT IT! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
DROIDS AREN'T ALLOWED IN HERE.
THEY'VE SEEN US. PLAY IT COOL!

THESE ROBOTS ARE CLEARLY MALFUNCTIONING. TAKE THEM TO THE LASER FURNACES FOR MELTDOWN.


THE MECHS HEADED BACK THROUGH THE XERKONIANS' FACTORY COMPLEX—
COME ON, YOU DROIDS— IT'S RECYCLING TIME.
WHEN I SAY JUMP, GO FOR THAT BEAM RECYCLER!


JUMP!
TURN THE BEAMS ON THE GUARDS!


TIME WE LEFT. MAKE FOR THE HANGAR DECK!

ON THE HANGAR DECK THEY RAN INTO MORE TROUBLE—
RUN FOR THE WARPFIGHTER— OBVIOUSLY THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED.
K-5
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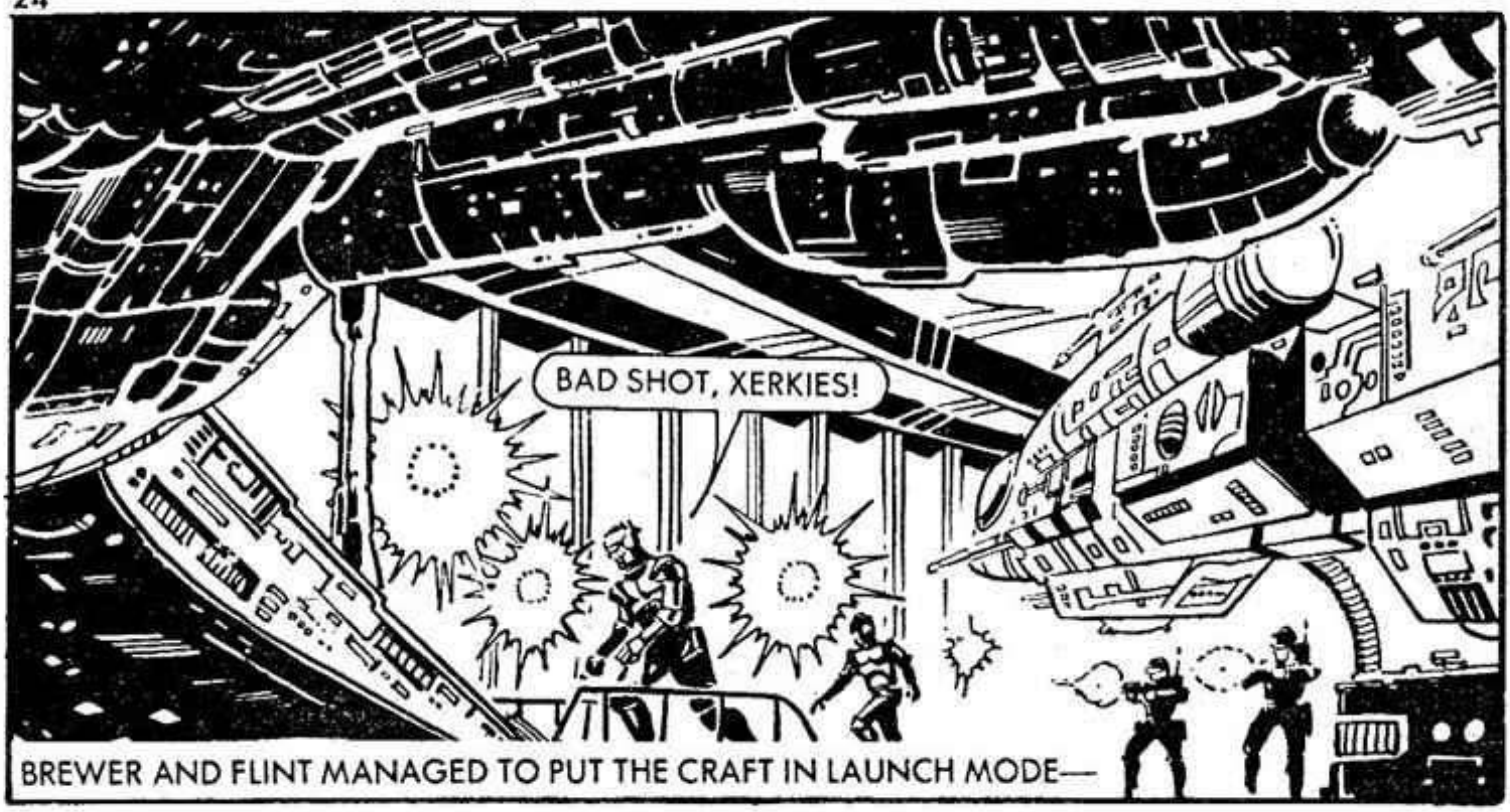
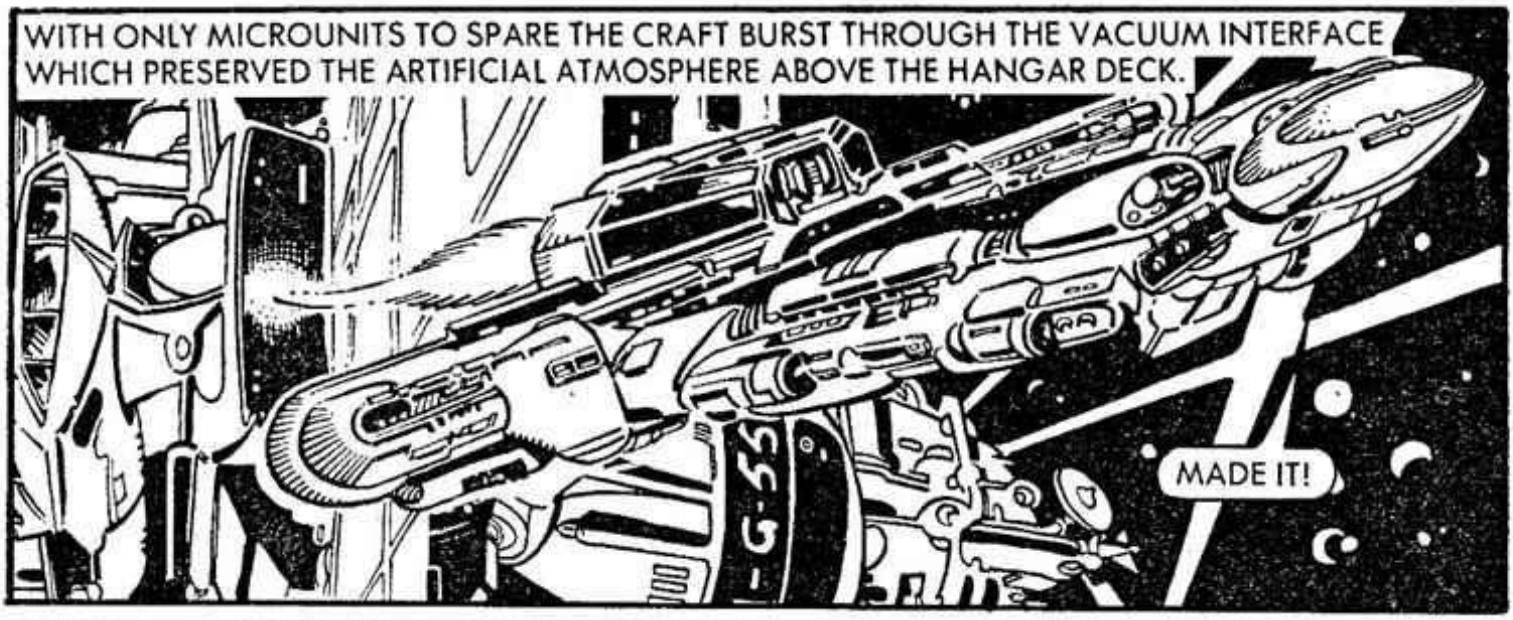
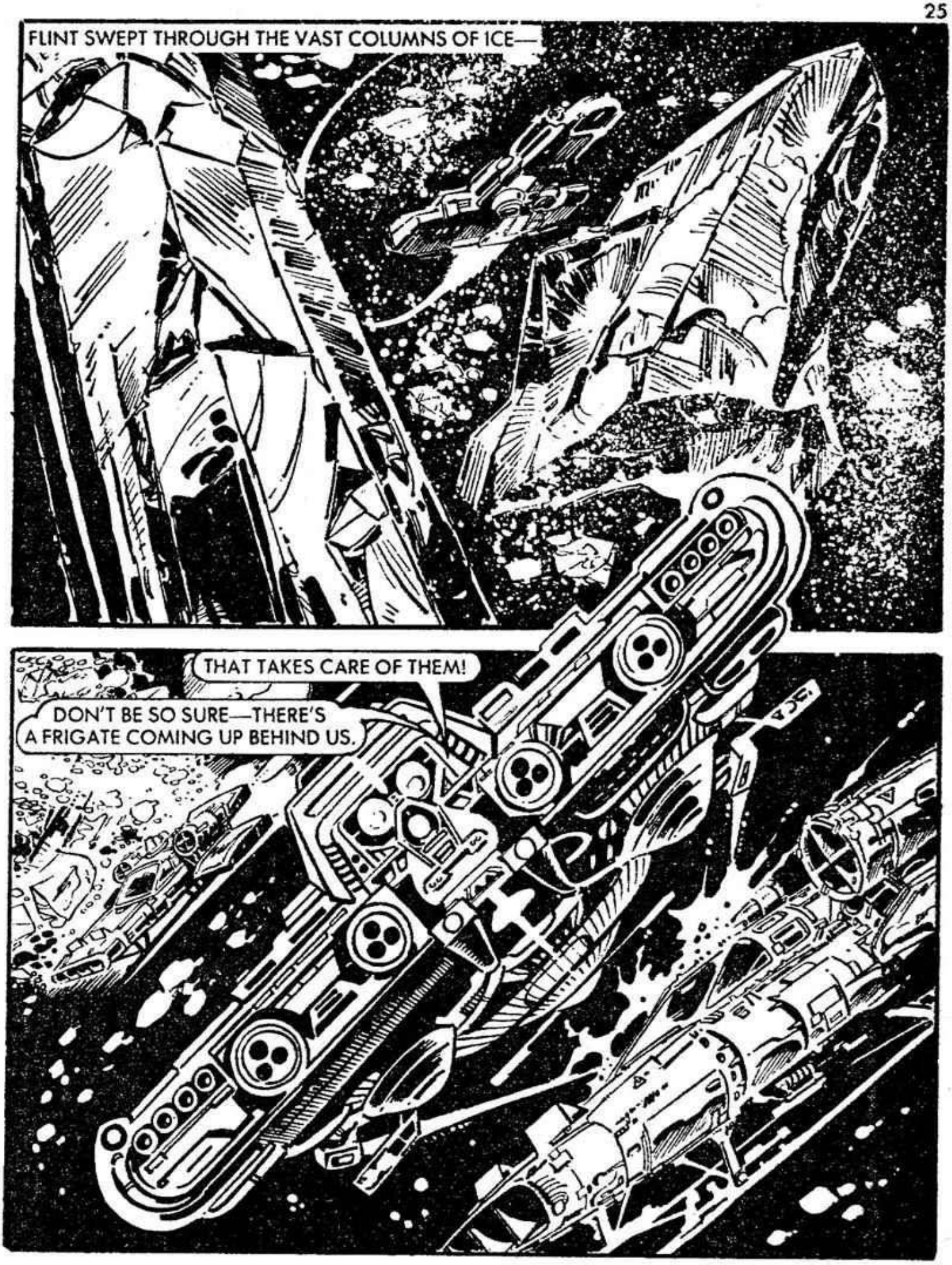
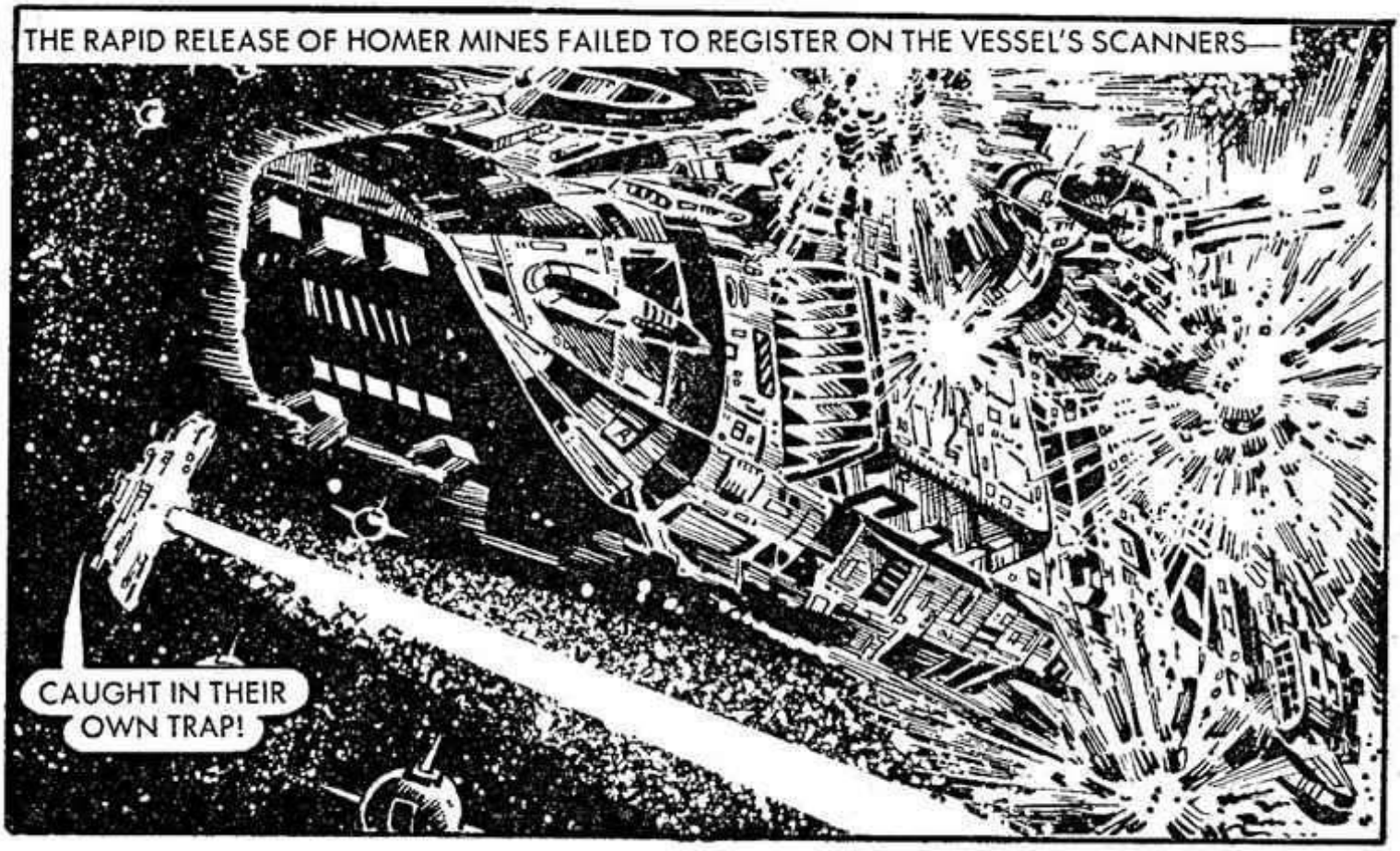

BAD SHOT, XERKIES!
BREWER AND FLINT MANAGED TO PUT THE CRAFT IN LAUNCH MODE—


WITH ONLY MICROUNITS TO SPARE THE CRAFT BURST THROUGH THE VACUUM INTERFACE WHICH PRESERVED THE ARTIFICIAL ATMOSPHERE ABOVE THE HANGAR DECK.
MADE IT!
G-55

FIGHTERS ON OUR TAIL.


FLINT SWEPT THROUGH THE VAST COLUMNS OF ICE—
THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!
DON'T BE SO SURE—THERE'S A FRIGATE COMING UP BEHIND US.

SHE HAS CYCLONE FORTIFIERS! THE SPACE-ICE WON'T GET HER.
BUT THE HOMER MINES MIGHT!


THE RAPID RELEASE OF HOMER MINES FAILED TO REGISTER ON THE VESSEL'S SCANNERS—
CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP!

GET US OUT OF HERE, FLINT.
AND YOU GET BACK AND WORK ON THE ENGINES—WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS CRATE TO THE NEAREST FEDERATION STARBASE!

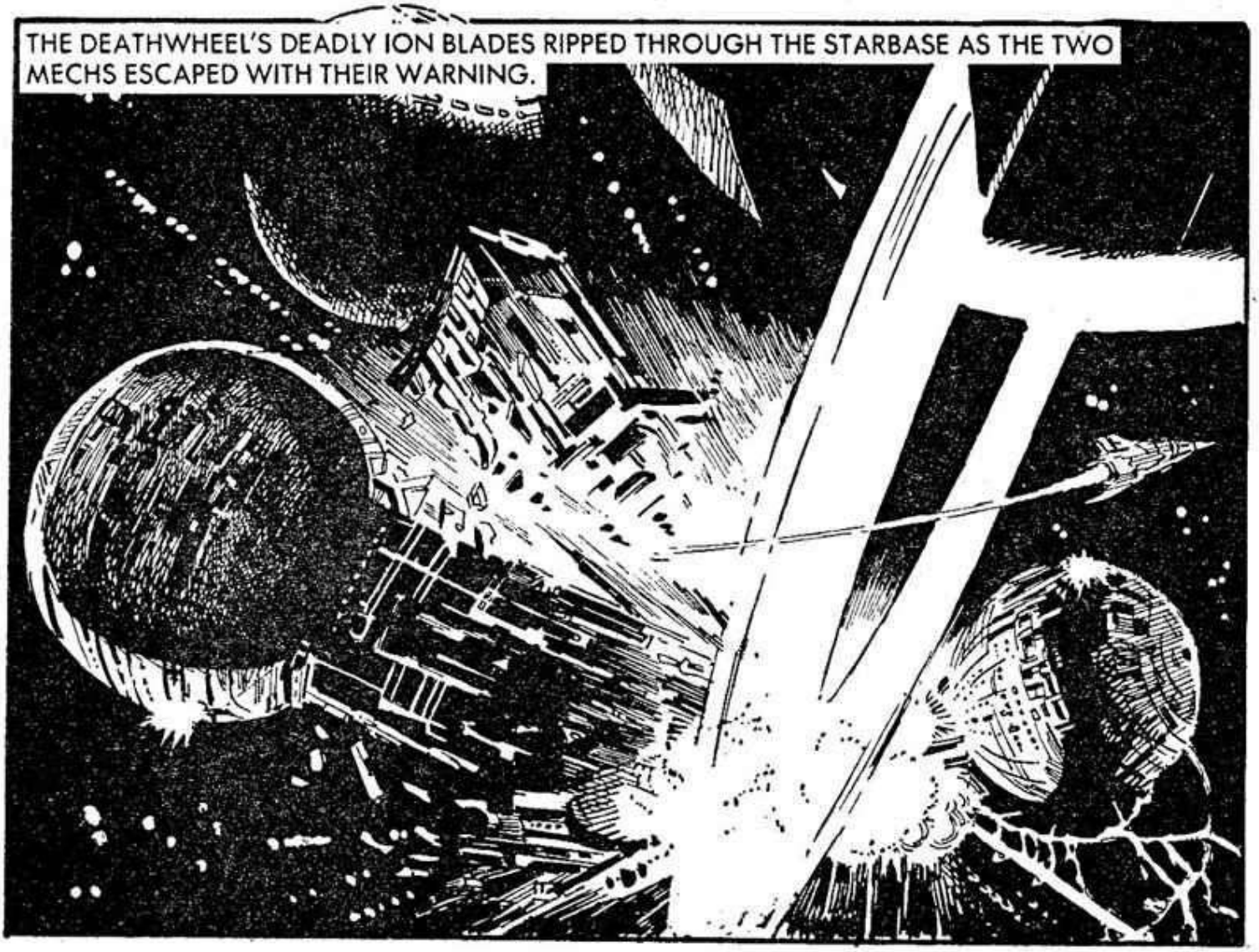
BY USING TOP SECRET WARP CORRIDORS THE WARPFIGHTER MADE IT TO STARBASE IN A FEW PARSECS.
WARPFIGHTER TO FEDERATION BASE 7. THIS SHIP IS NOT HOSTILE. WE ARE SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE. SECURITY CODE DX3.

ON BOARD FEDERATION BASE 7, THE COMMANDER REFUSED TO BELIEVE THEM.
. . . SO, I LAUNCH A RAID ON YOUR SAY SO, YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO ACCEPT . . .
LOOK, PAL—ALERT EARTH NOW . . . OR I'LL DO IT, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

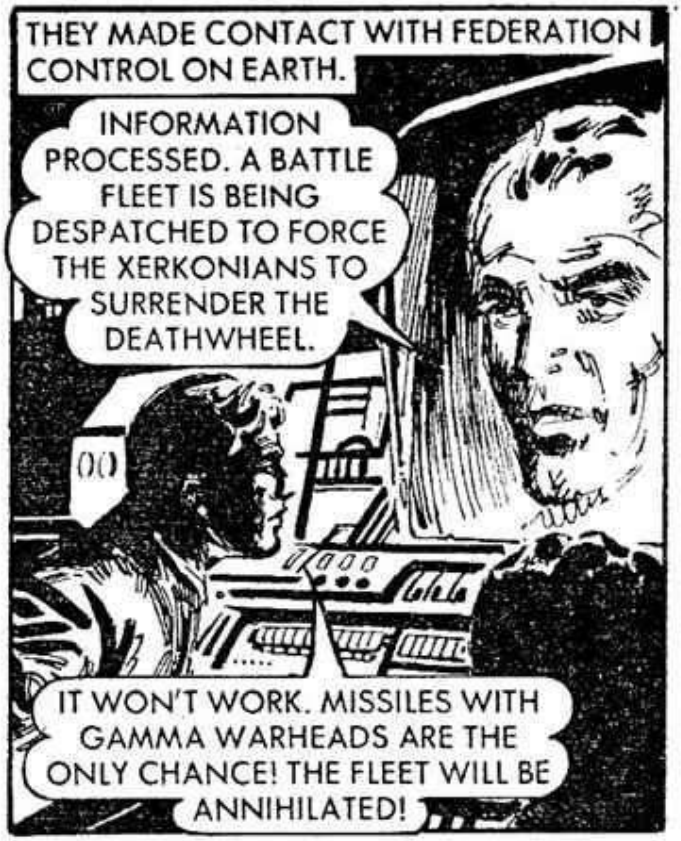
IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE! YOUR ARROGANT REJECTION OF OUR STORY HAD PREVENTED A WARNING BEING SENT.
DEATHWHEEL! MAYBE THAT'LL CONVINCE YOU.
LAUNCH PIN-FIGHTER SQUADRON!

THE FEDERATION POSITRON INTERCEPTOR FIGHTERS SPED TO ATTACK THE APPROACHING DEATHWHEEL.

BUT—
IT JUST KEEPS COMING!
THE STARBASE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE. GET US A SHIP TO WARN EARTH.

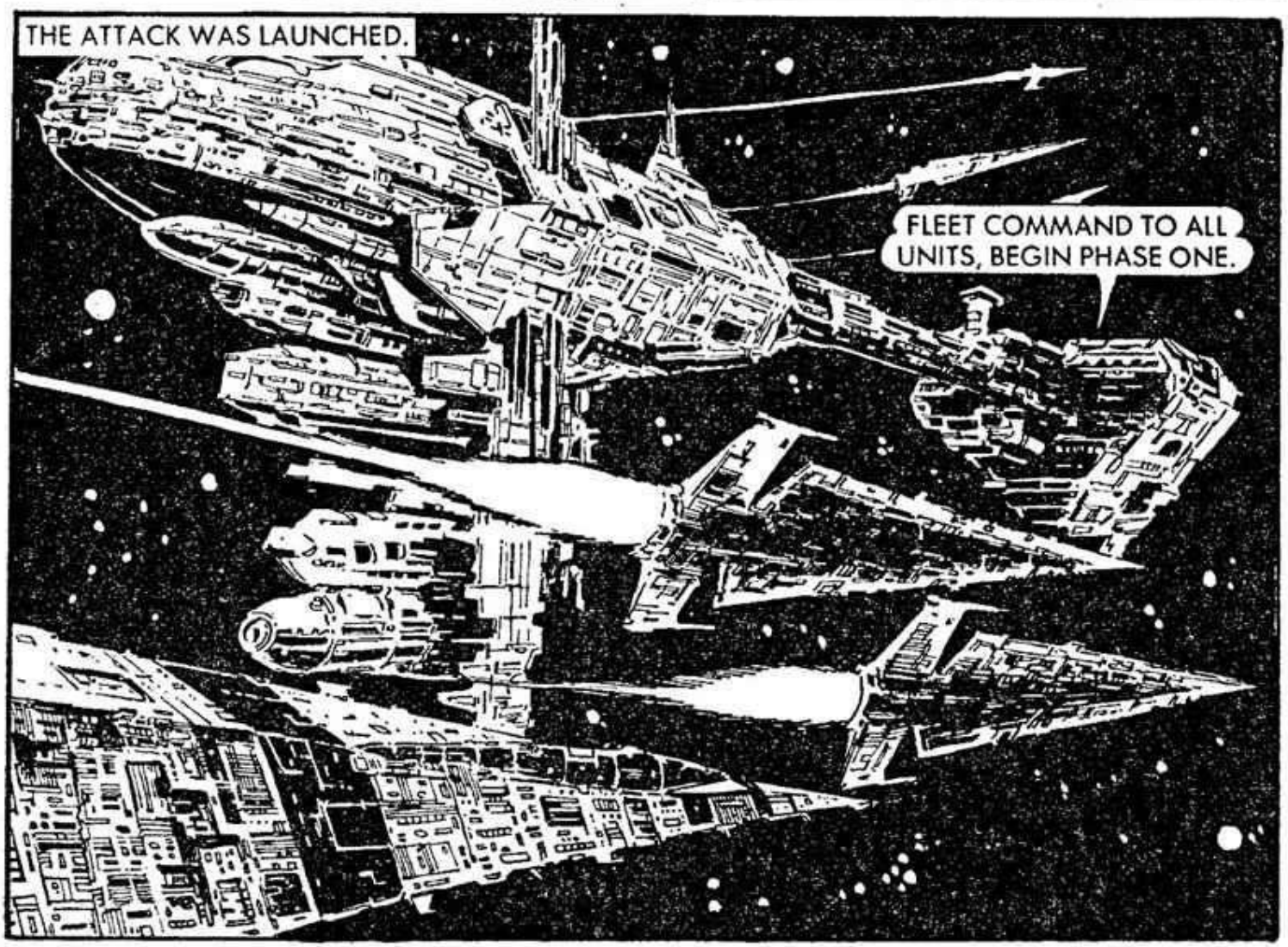

THE DEATHWHEEL'S DEADLY ION BLADES RIPPED THROUGH THE STARBASE AS THE TWO MECHS ESCAPED WITH THEIR WARNING.

THEY HEADED FOR EARTH —
LOCKED ON AUTOMATIC MODE— REALSPEED FACTOR 8.
ACCORDING TO THE TAPE FROM THE DEATHWHEEL, THE NEXT SCHEDULED TARGET IS EARTH!
I'LL TRY AND RAISE EARTH ON THE HYPERSPACE EMERGENCY BANDS.


THEY MADE CONTACT WITH FEDERATION CONTROL ON EARTH.
INFORMATION PROCESSED. A BATTLE FLEET IS BEING DESPATCHED TO FORCE THE XERKONIANS TO SURRENDER THE DEATHWHEEL.
IT WON'T WORK. MISSILES WITH GAMMA WARHEADS ARE THE ONLY CHANCE! THE FLEET WILL BE ANNIHILATED!

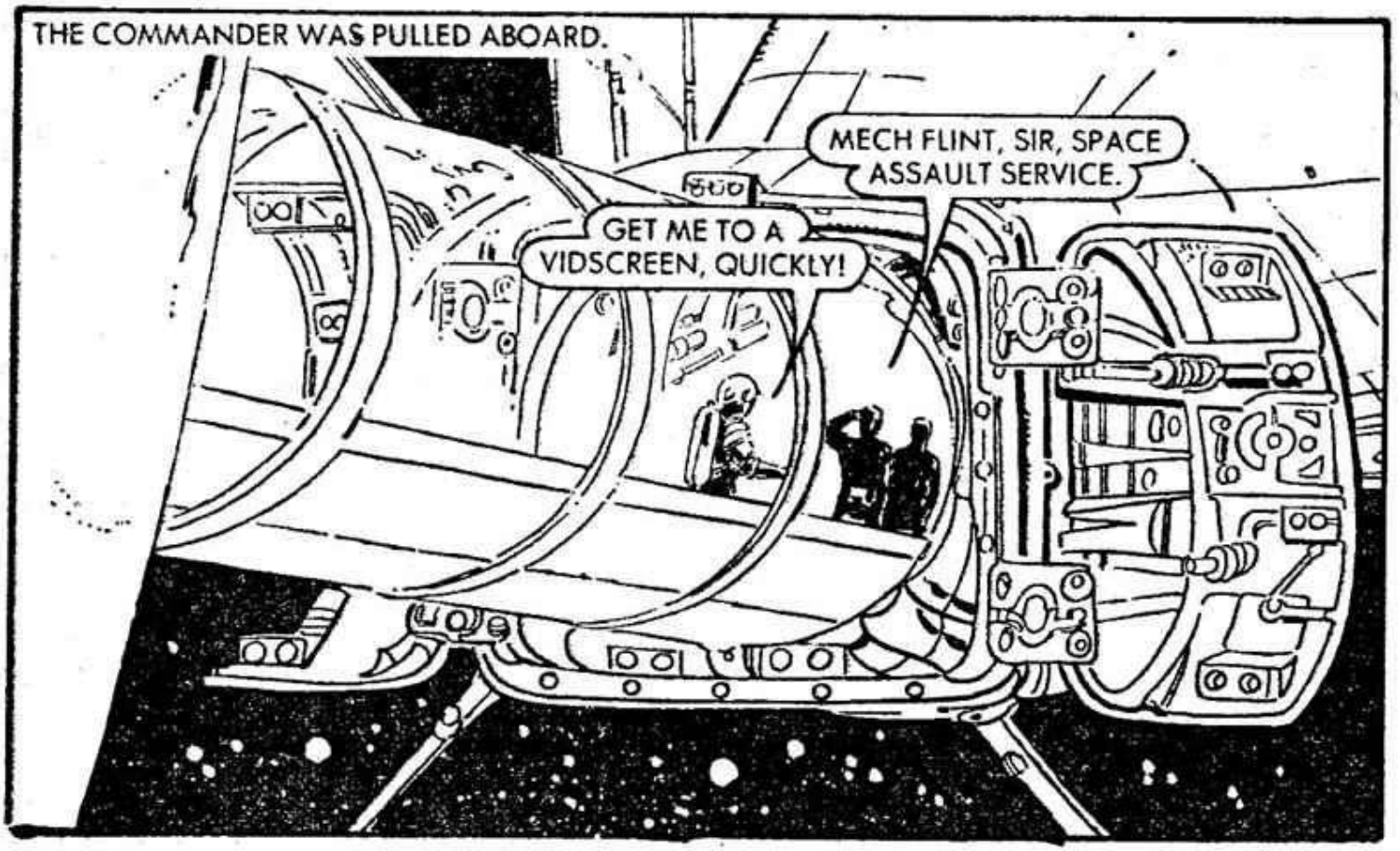
NONSENSE . . . THE FLEET IS ON ITS WAY.

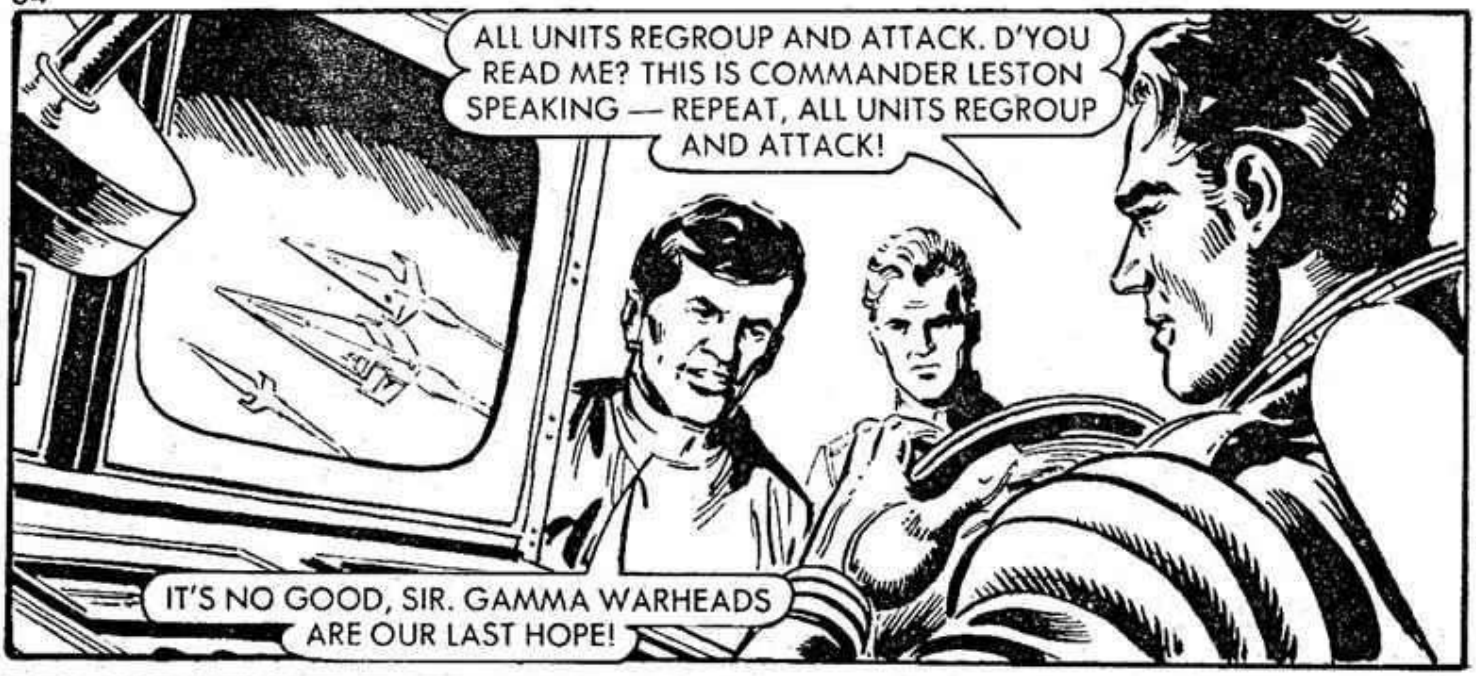
THE MECHS TRAILED THE DEATHWHEEL UNTIL THE BATTLEFLEET ARRIVED.
HERE THEY COME . . . TO THEIR DOOM.

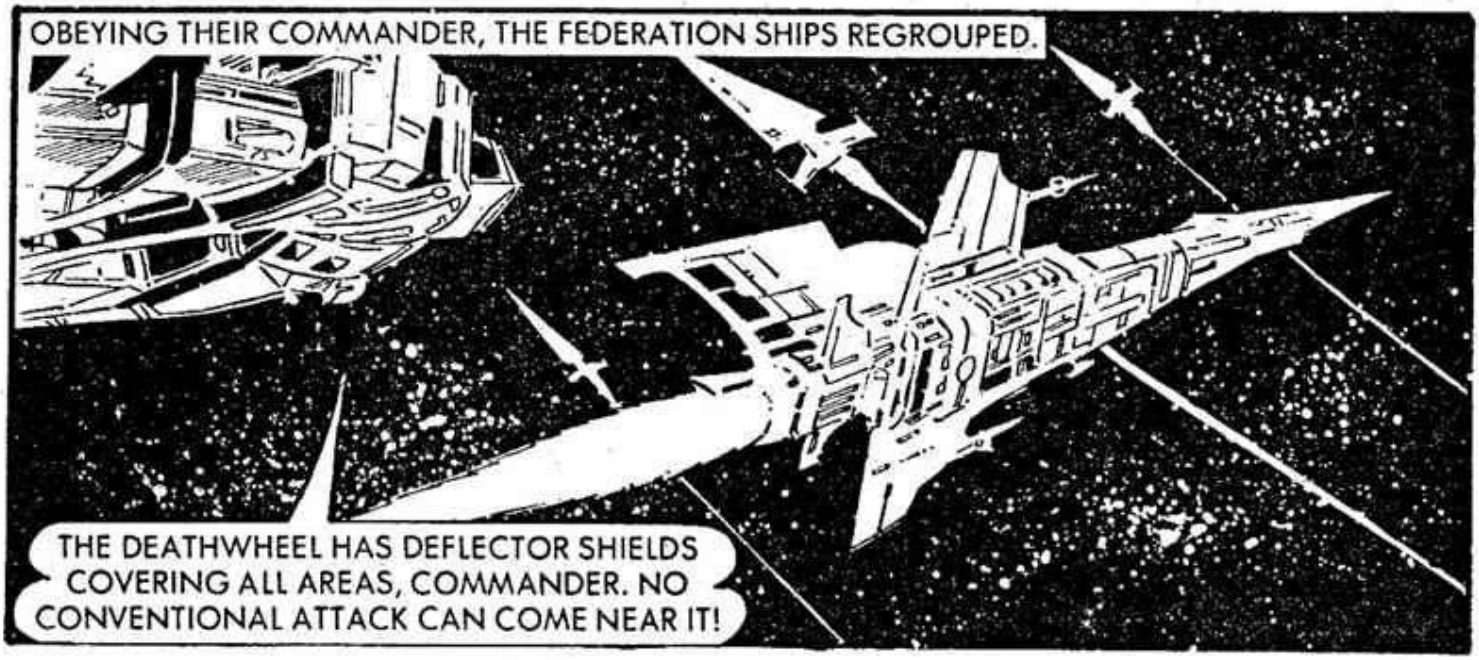

THE ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED.
FLEET COMMAND TO ALL UNITS, BEGIN PHASE ONE.

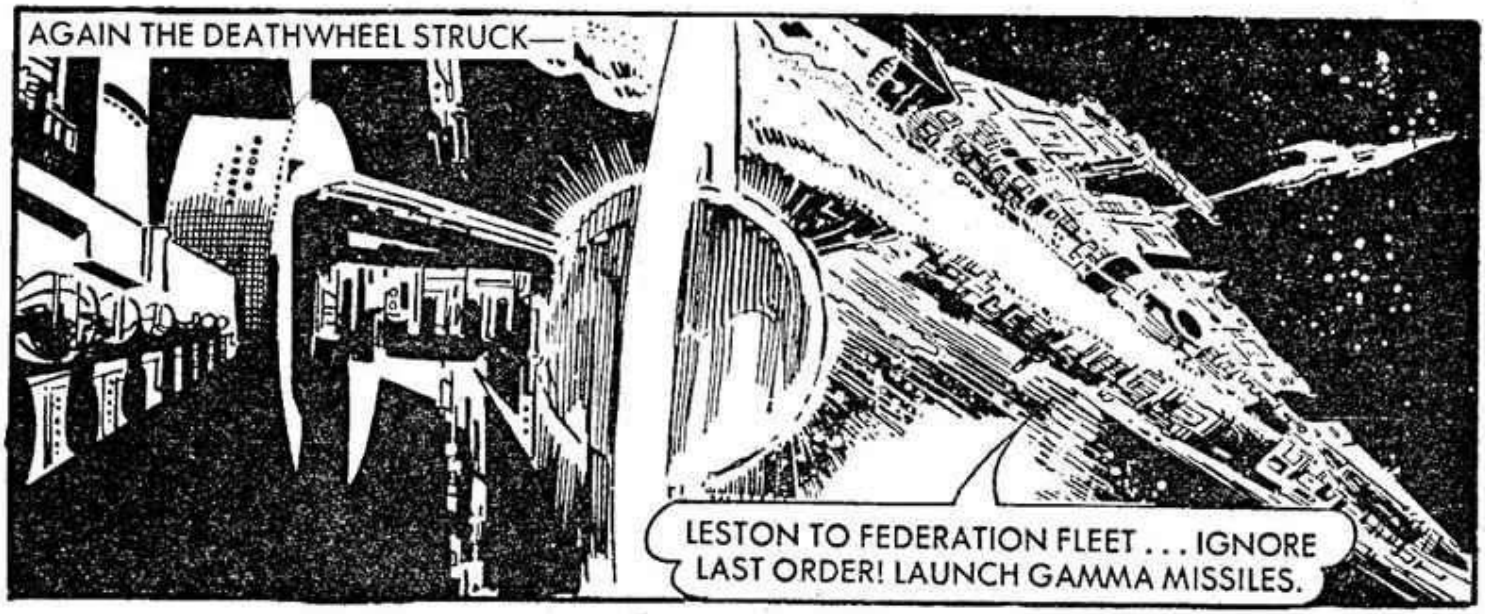
THE FEDERATION DELIVERED AN ULTIMATUM . . .
FEDERATION TO DEATHWHEEL — SURRENDER OR BE DESTROYED.
. . . AND THE DEATHWHEEL GAVE ITS REPLY.
PHOBOS! THEY SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO US!
GET A TRACTOR BEAM ON TO THAT ESCAPE POD.

ESCAPE POD TO RESCUE SHIP. THIS IS BATTLEFLEET COMMANDER LESTON — GET ME ABOARD IMMEDIATELY!
TRUST US TO NET THE BIG BOSS!

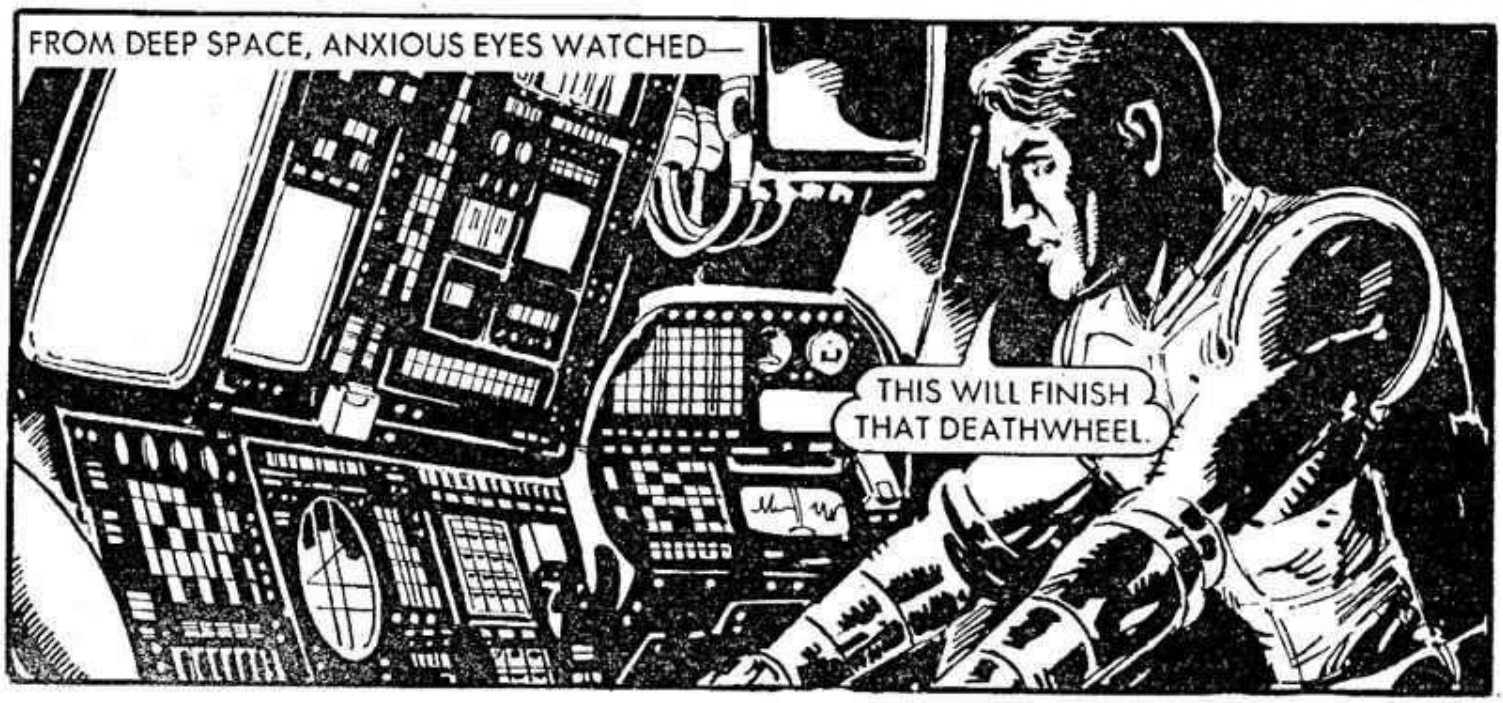

THE COMMANDER WAS PULLED ABOARD.
MECH FLINT, SIR, SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE.
GET ME TO A VIDSCREEN, QUICKLY!

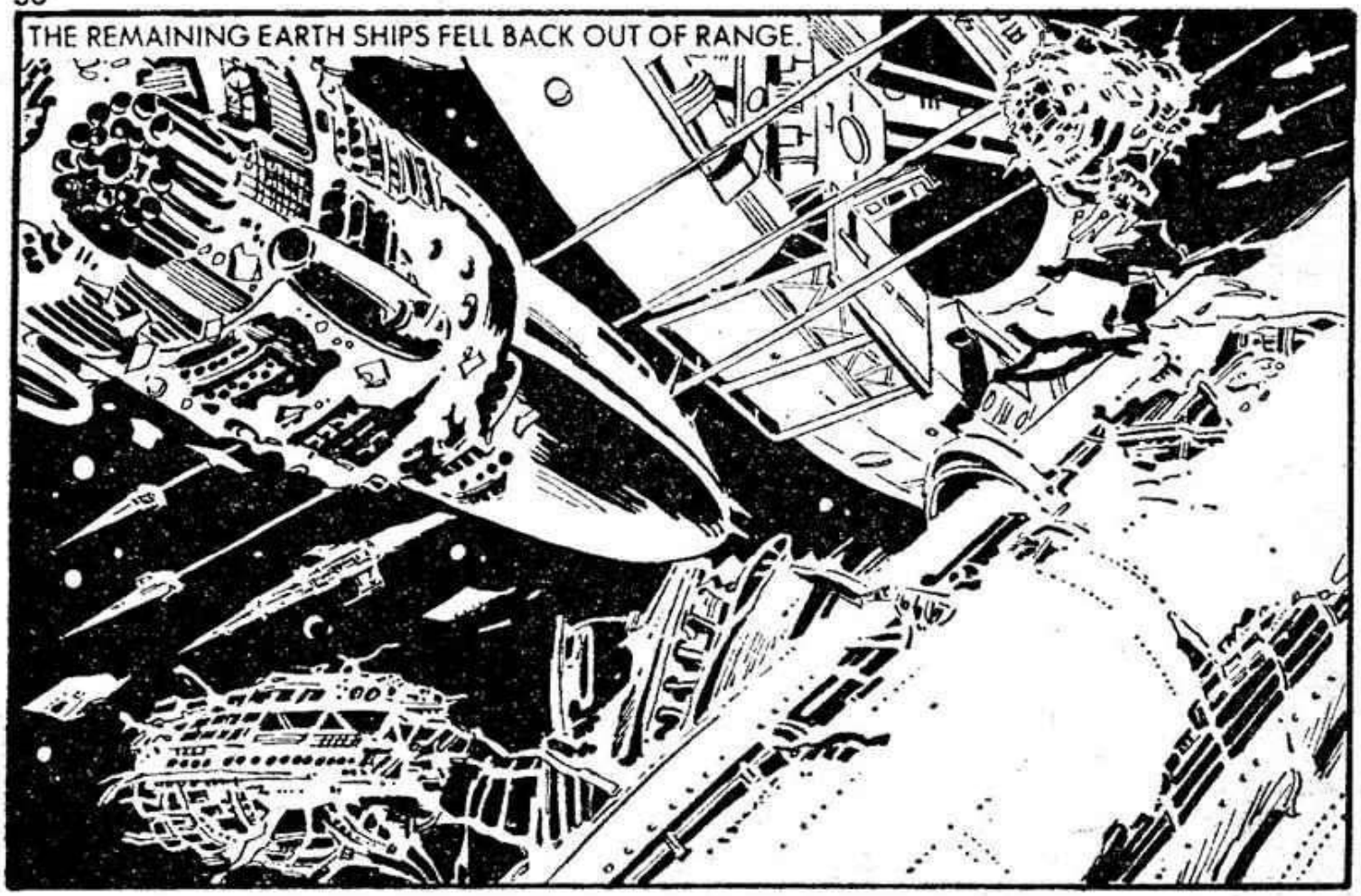

ALL UNITS REGROUP AND ATTACK. D'YOU READ ME? THIS IS COMMANDER LESTON SPEAKING — REPEAT, ALL UNITS REGROUP AND ATTACK!
IT'S NO GOOD, SIR. GAMMA WARHEADS ARE OUR LAST HOPE!

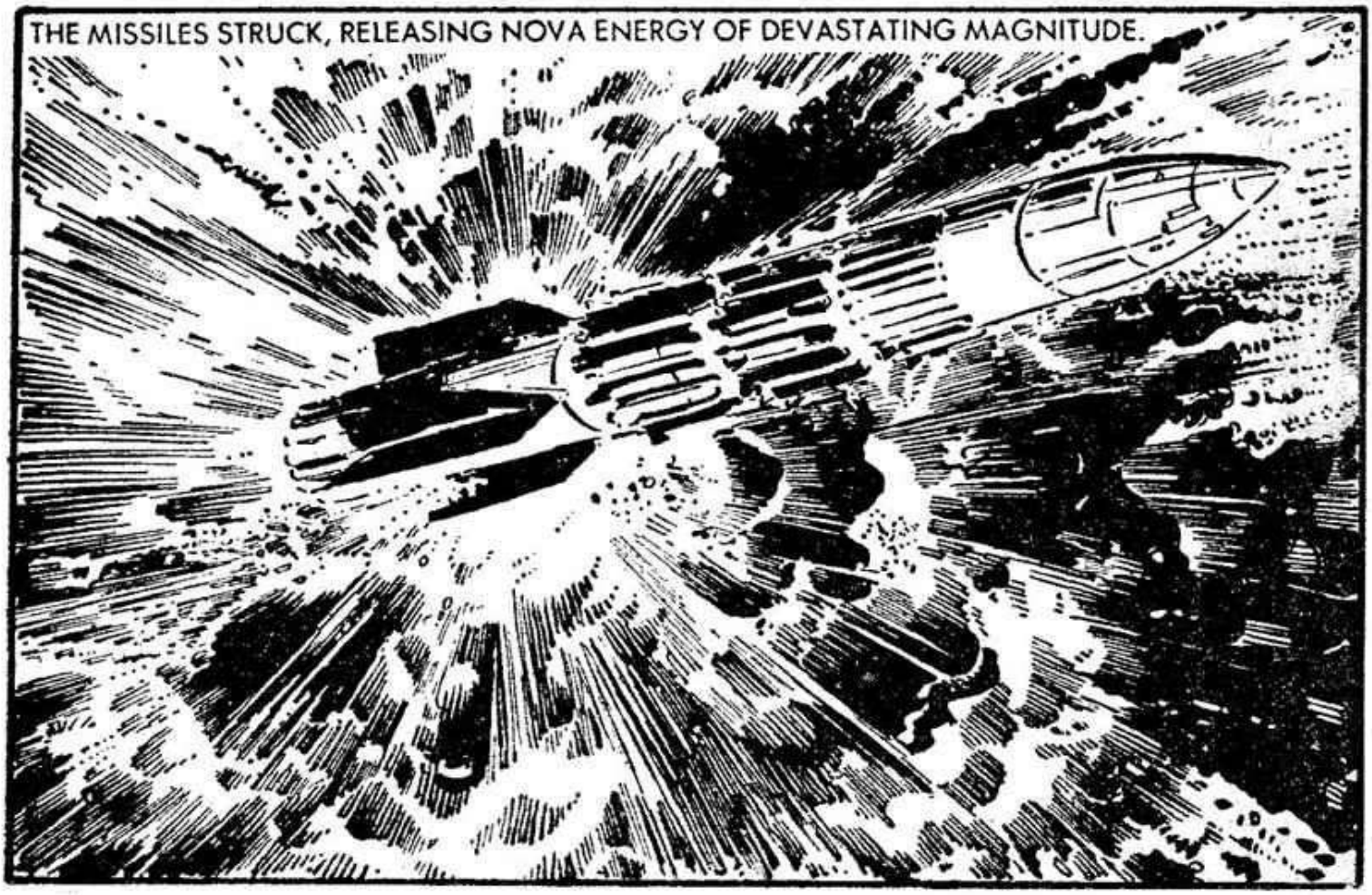

OBEYING THEIR COMMANDER, THE FEDERATION SHIPS REGROUPED.
THE DEATHWHEEL HAS DEFLECTOR SHIELDS COVERING ALL AREAS, COMMANDER. NO CONVENTIONAL ATTACK CAN COME NEAR IT!

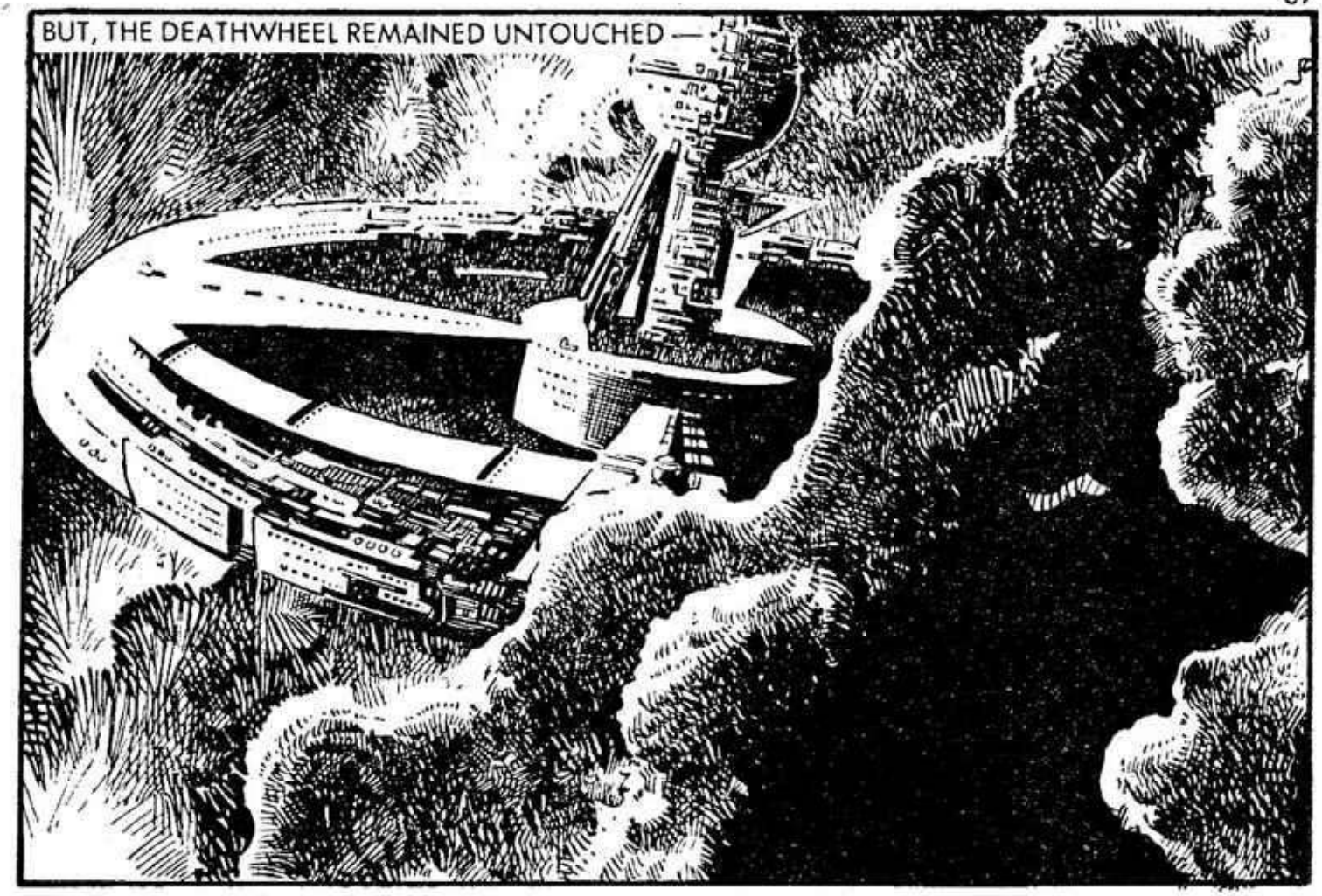

AGAIN THE DEATHWHEEL STRUCK—
LESTON TO FEDERATION FLEET . . . IGNORE LAST ORDER! LAUNCH GAMMA MISSILES.

FROM THE NEAREST OF THE DEFENCE STATIONS, HIDDEN ON REMOTE PLANETS THROUGHOUT FEDERATION TERRITORY, THE MISSILES WERE LAUNCHED.
FIRE!


FROM DEEP SPACE, ANXIOUS EYES WATCHED—
THIS WILL FINISH THAT DEATHWHEEL.

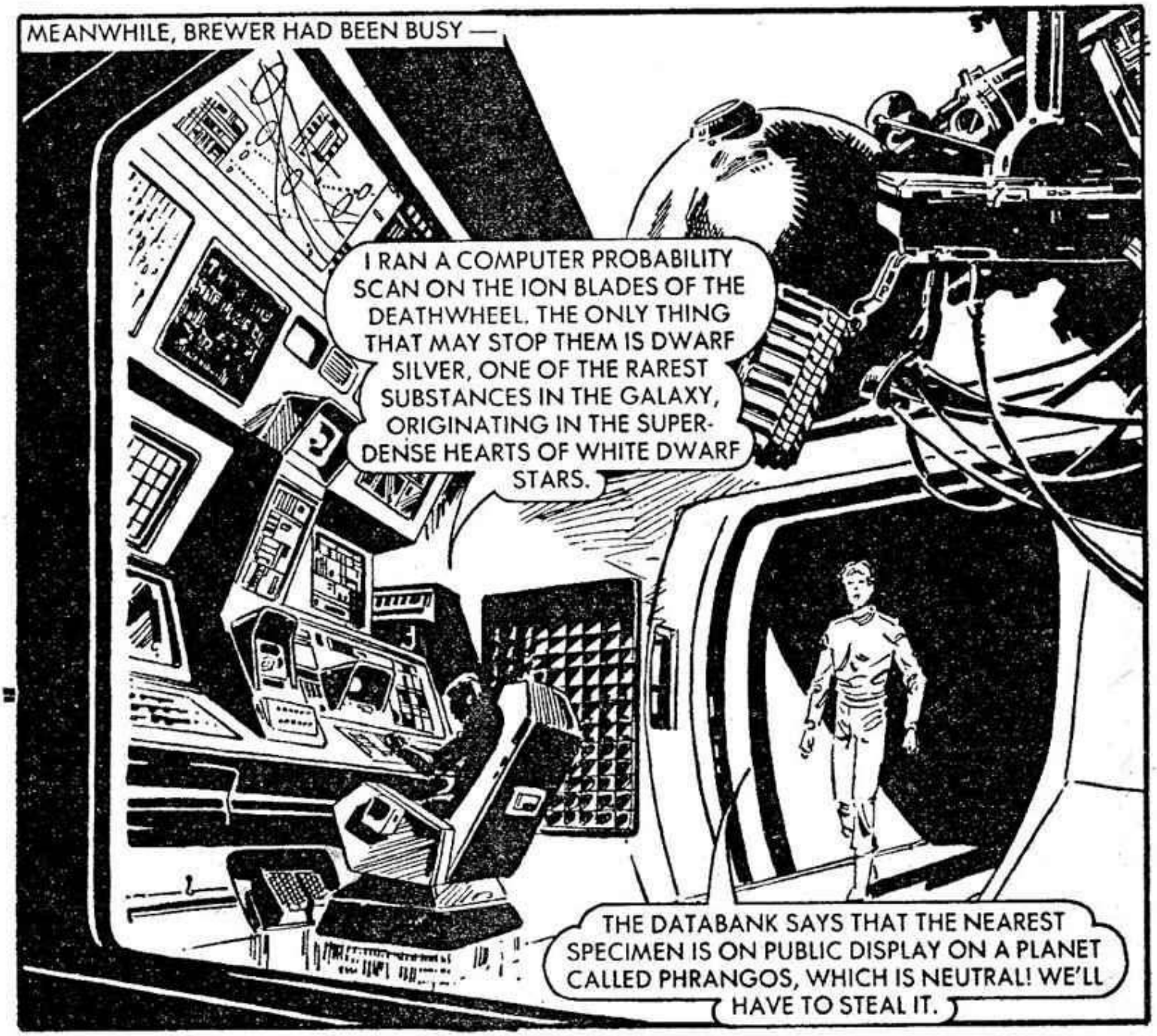

THE REMAINING EARTH SHIPS FELL BACK OUT OF RANGE.

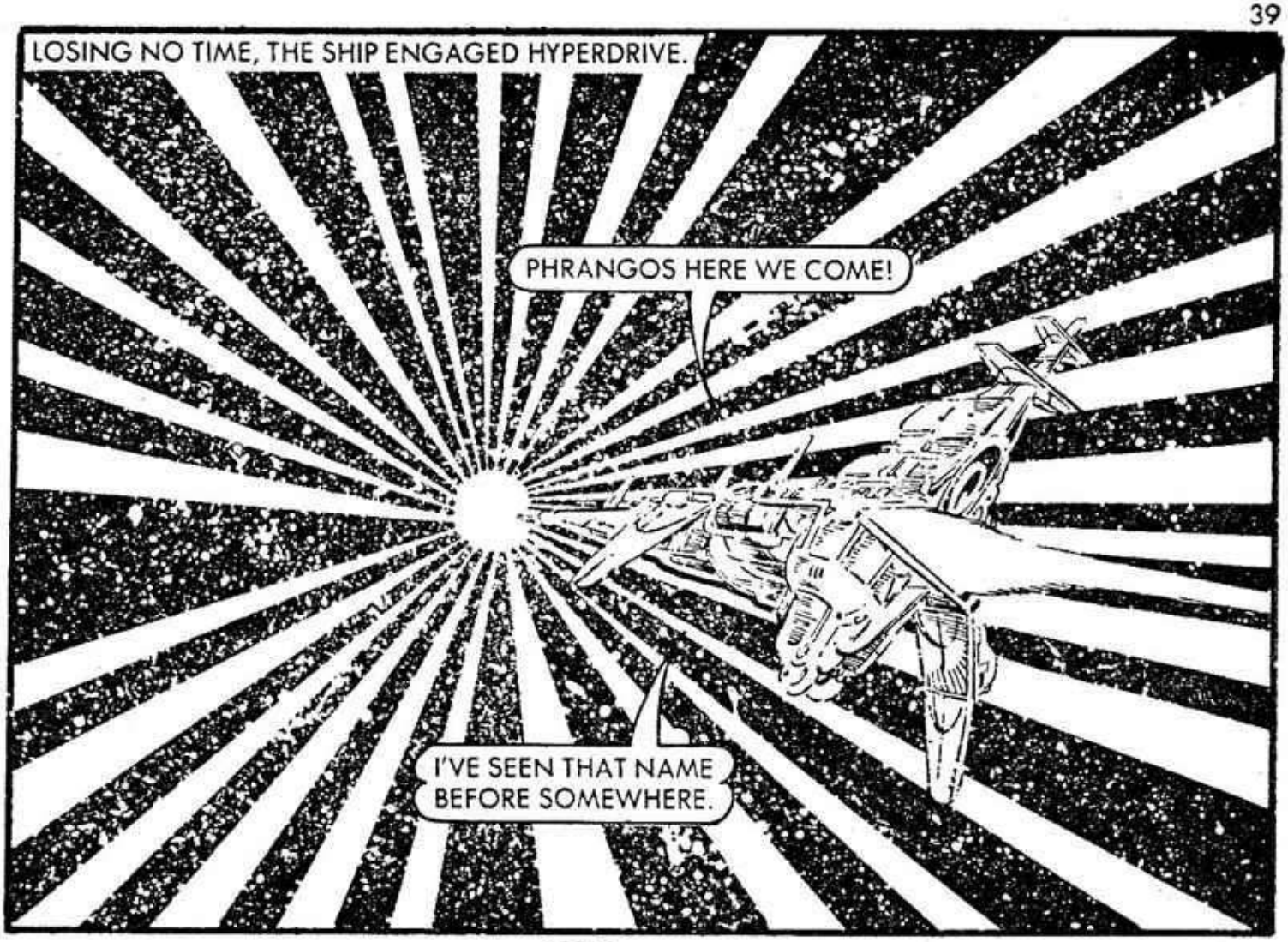

THE MISSILES STRUCK, RELEASING NOVA ENERGY OF DEVASTATING MAGNITUDE.

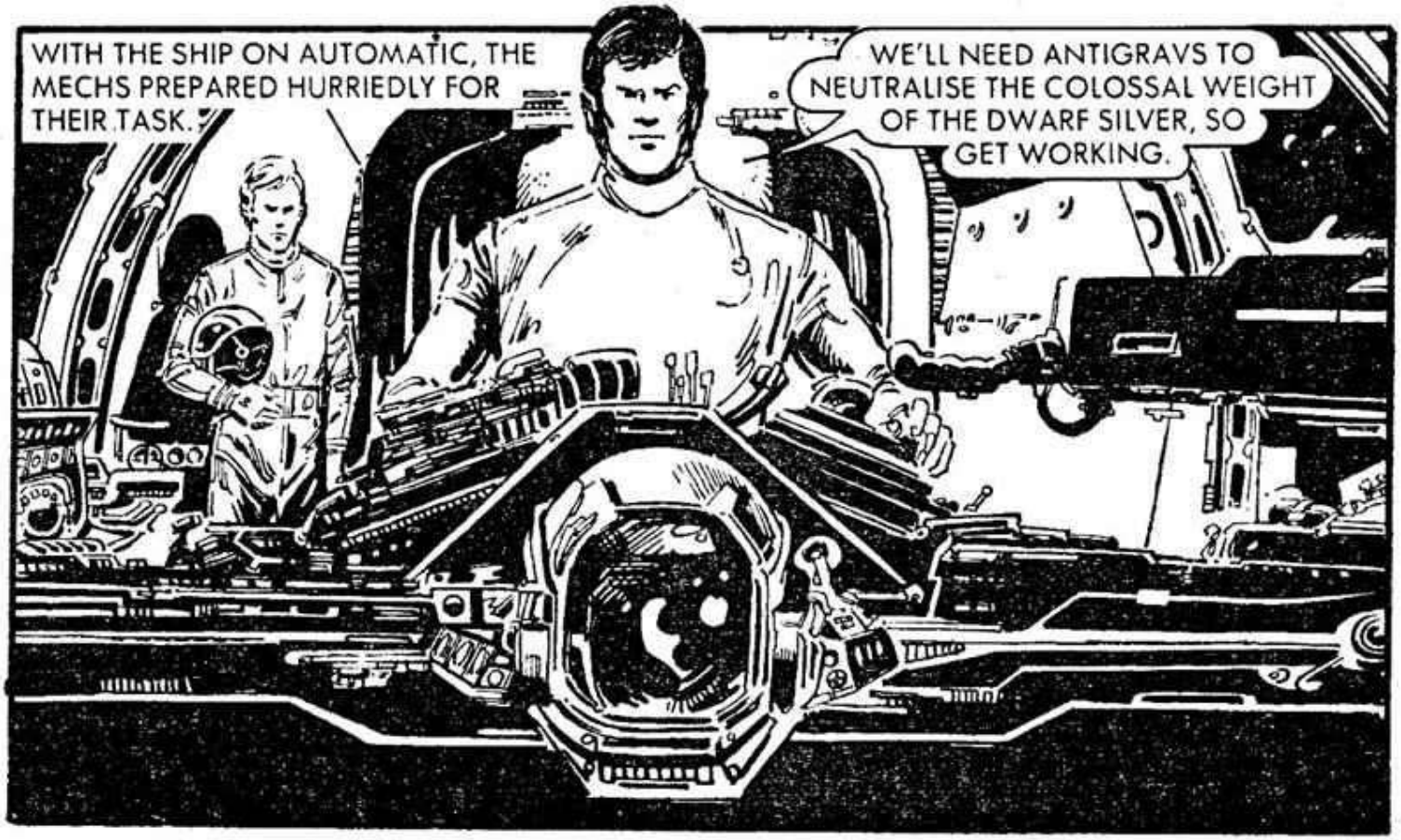

BUT, THE DEATHWHEEL REMAINED UNTOUCHED —

LESTON WAS APPALLED AT THE FAILURE—
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
THE XERKONIANS HAVE HIGH ENERGY BEAMS! THEY USED THEM TO DETONATE THE WARHEADS BEFORE THE MISSILES WERE CLOSE ENOUGH TO PENETRATE THE DEFELCTOR SHIELDS.

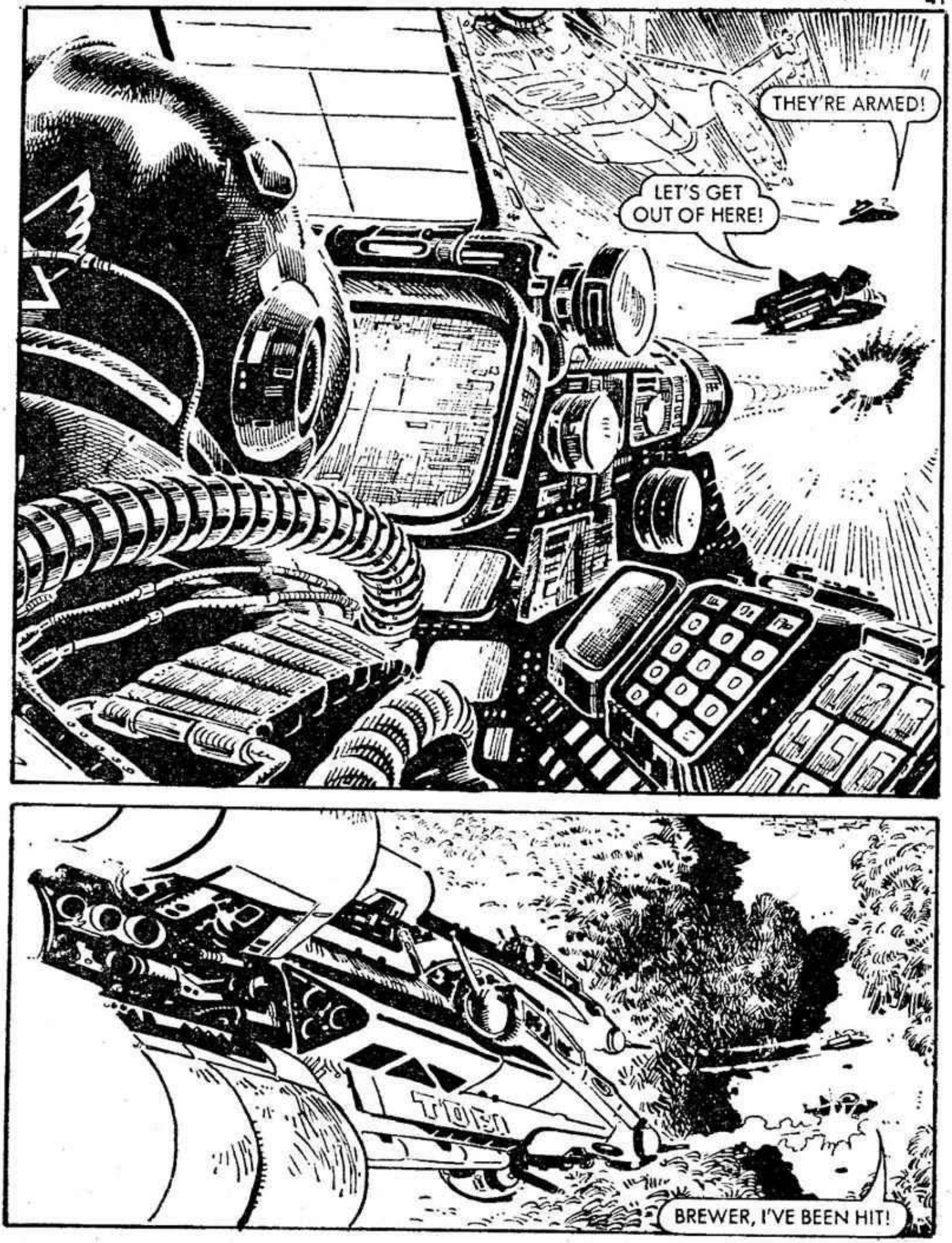
WE MUST ORGANISE THE DEFENCE OF EARTH.
THERE MUST BE A VULNERABLE AREA. THERE IS STILL TIME TO FIND IT BEFORE THE DEATHWHEEL REACHES EARTH!


MEANWHILE, BREWER HAD BEEN BUSY —
I RAN A COMPUTER PROBABILITY SCAN ON THE ION BLADES OF THE DEATHWHEEL. THE ONLY THING THAT MAY STOP THEM IS DWARF SILVER, ONE OF THE RAREST SUBSTANCES IN THE GALAXY, ORIGINATING IN THE SUPER-DENSE HEARTS OF WHITE DWARF STARS.
THE DATABANK SAYS THAT THE NEAREST SPECIMEN IS ON PUBLIC DISPLAY ON A PLANET CALLED PHRANGOS, WHICH IS NEUTRAL! WE'LL HAVE TO STEAL IT.


LOSING NO TIME, THE SHIP ENGAGED HYPERDRIVE.
PHRANGOS HERE WE COME!
I'VE SEEN THAT NAME BEFORE SOMEWHERE.


WITH THE SHIP ON AUTOMATIC, THE MECHS PREPARED HURRIEDLY FOR THEIR TASK.
WE'LL NEED ANTIGRAVS TO NEUTRALISE THE COLOSSAL WEIGHT OF THE DWARF SILVER, SO GET WORKING.

AS THE SPACECRAFT REACHED PHRAGNOS —
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
NO, THEY'RE WARNING FLARES. WE'LL PUT THE SHIP IN ORBIT AND USE THE TRANSPORT MODULES.
THE PHRAGNEANS ARE A PEACEABLE RACE USUALLY — BUT THE FLARES MEAN THEY DON'T WANT VISITORS.
THE COMPUTERS SAY THEY DON'T HAVE ANY ARMED SPACE VEHICLES.
ONCE THEY REACHED THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE.
I CAN SEE SOME SORT OF SUB-ATMOSPHERE CRAFT APPROACHING.


THEY'RE ARMED!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BREWER, I'VE BEEN HIT!

BETWEEN THOSE TREES, QUICKLY.

THE PURSUING CRAFT WEREN'T AS MANOEUVRABLE —

THE TWO CRAFT TOUCHED DOWN IN A CLEARING —
FLINT ESCAPED FROM THE DAMAGED MODULE JUST IN TIME.
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE OTHER CRAFT!
THE CITY WHERE THE DWARF SILVER IS KEPT IS NOT FAR FROM HERE. I'LL RETURN THE MODULE TO THE SHIP ON A REMOTE CONTROL PROGRAMME.

THEY REACHED THE CITY —

THE DATABANK SAID THE DWARF SILVER WAS IN THE EXHIBITION DOME AT THE CENTRE OF THE CITY.

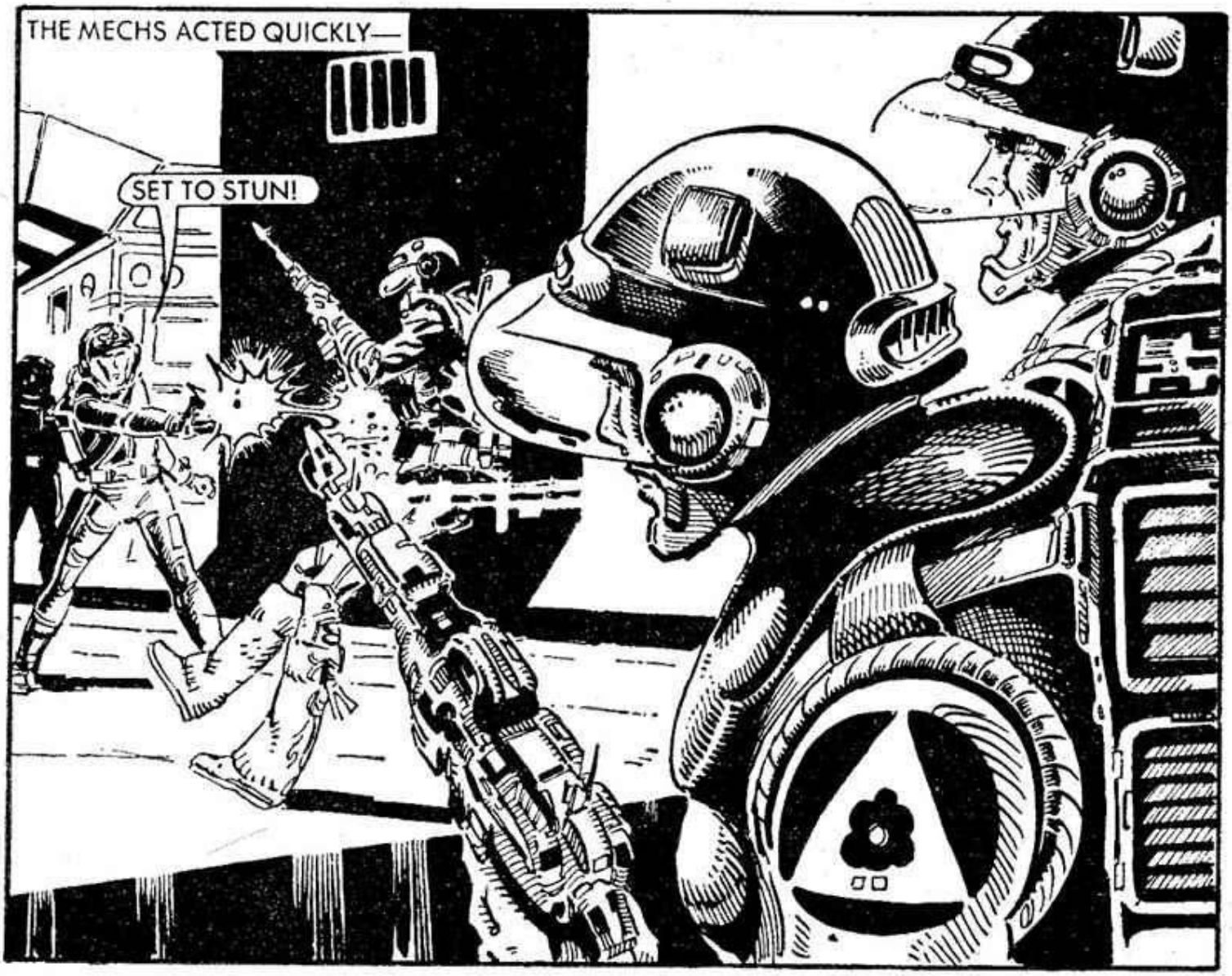
THE EARTHMEN WERE UNEASY —

PHRAGNOS GALACTIC EXHIBITION CENTRE

FIRST AN AIR ATTACK, NOW ALL THESE GUARDS ABOUT.

PHRAGNOS HAS CHANGED — I DON'T LIKE IT. GOOD JOB WE HAVE OUR BLASTERS HIDDEN.

IDENTIFICTION . . . OR YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.
NO-ONE ALLOWED HERE WITHOUT THEM — ORDER OF THE HIGH COUNCIL.


THE MECHS ACTED QUICKLY—
SET TO STUN!

THE GUARD CRASHED INTO HIS COMRADES.
LET'S GO!
I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO FIND ANOTHER WAY IN!

AT THE BACK OF THE EXHIBITION DOME.
LOOK, THAT COULD BE OUR WAY IN.

THE ANTIGRAV MADE THE JUMP EASY.
ONCE INSIDE THE DOME —
XERKONIAN GUARDS — THAT STARTS TO EXPLAIN A FEW THINGS!
XERKIES OR NOT, WE CAN STILL ATTACK FROM WHERE THEY LEAST EXPECT IT. LOOK . . . THAT MUST BE THE DWARF SILVER.

THE TWO ATTACKED —

UP HERE, XERKIES!

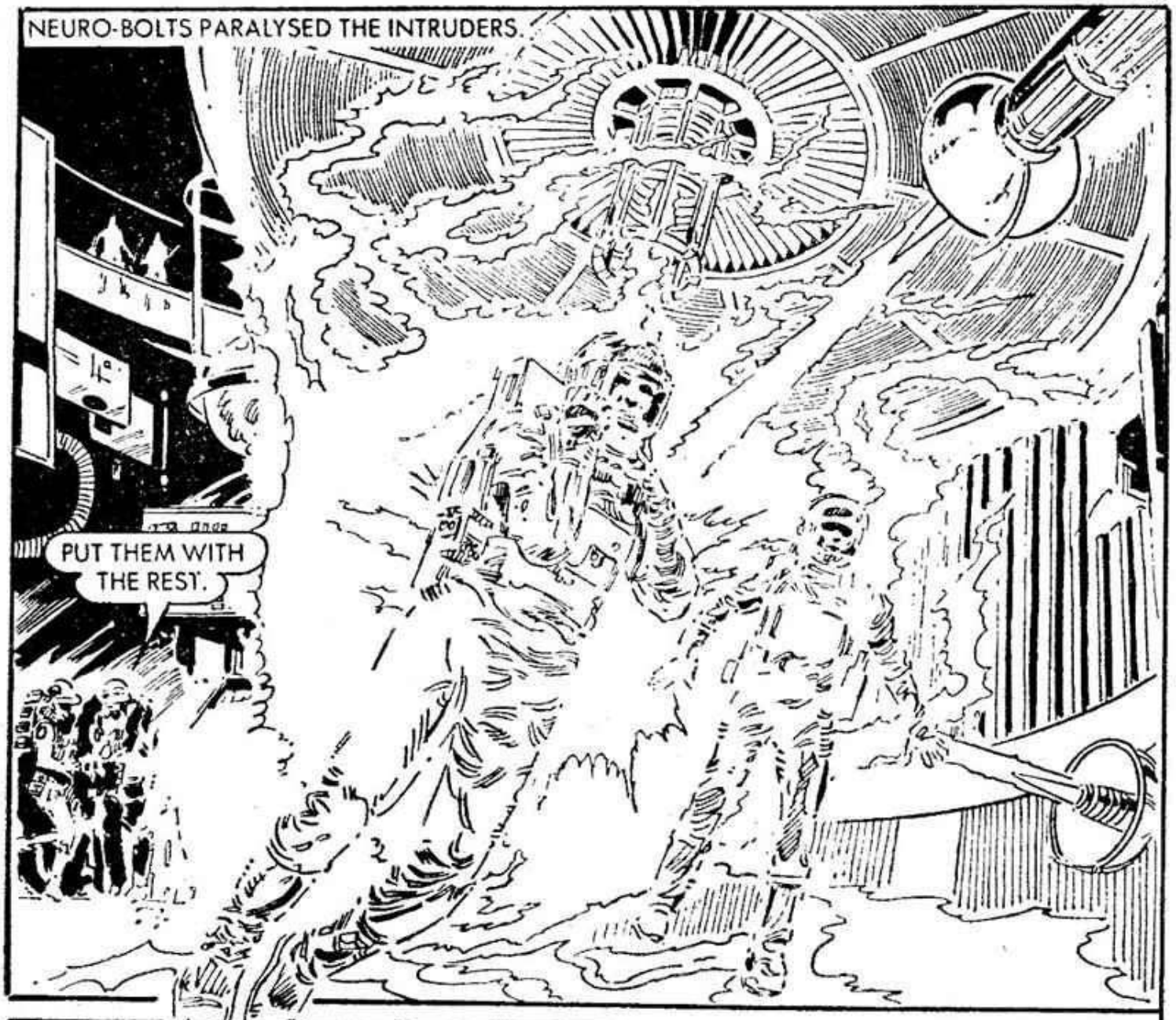
AND HERE!

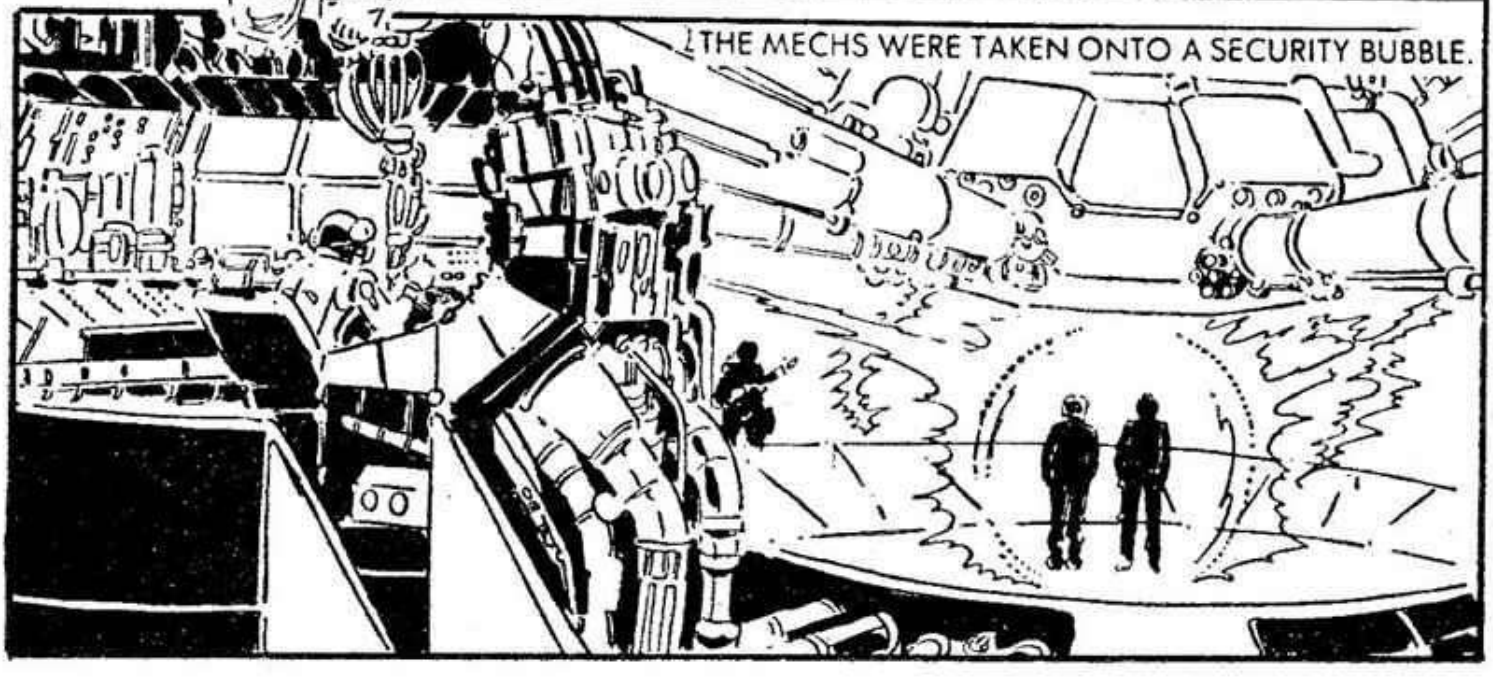
THE EARTHMEN TRIED TO TAKE THE DWARF SILVER.

WITHOUT ANTIGRAVS, THIS BABY WOULD SINK CLEAN THROUGH THE PLANET.

I'LL SWITCH . . .OH, NO!

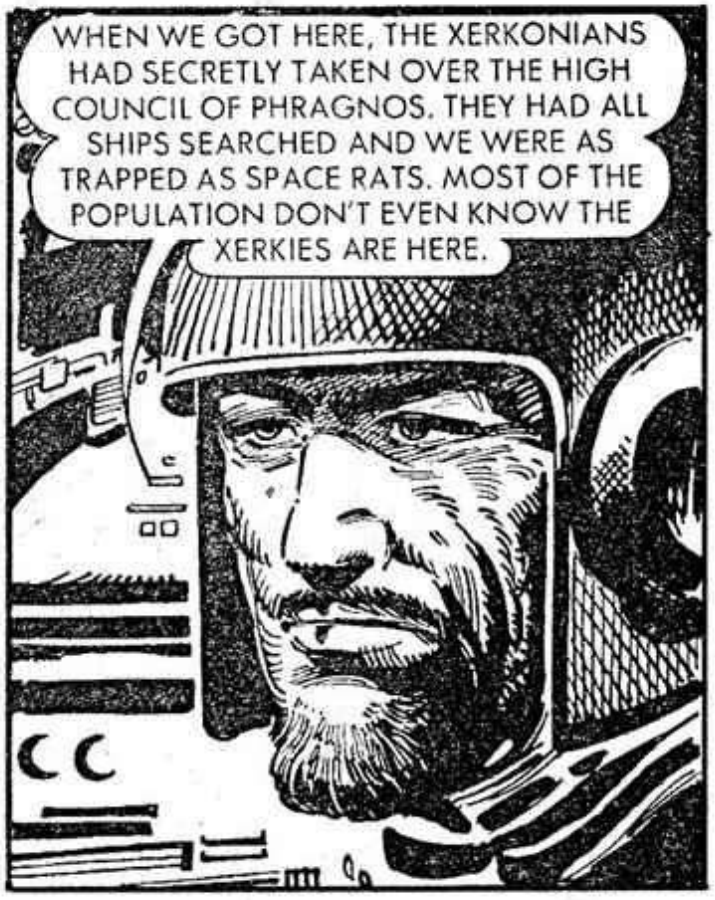
THEY TRIGGERED AUTOMATIC DEFENCES.


NEURO-BOLTS PARALYSED THE INTRUDERS.
PUT THEM WITH THE REST.


THE MECHS WERE TAKEN ONTO A SECURITY BUBBLE.

THERE WERE FAMILIAR FACES AMONG THE OTHER PRISONERS ON PHRANGOS.
PHOBOS! THE SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE!
IT'S THE MECHS — THEY'RE ALIVE!

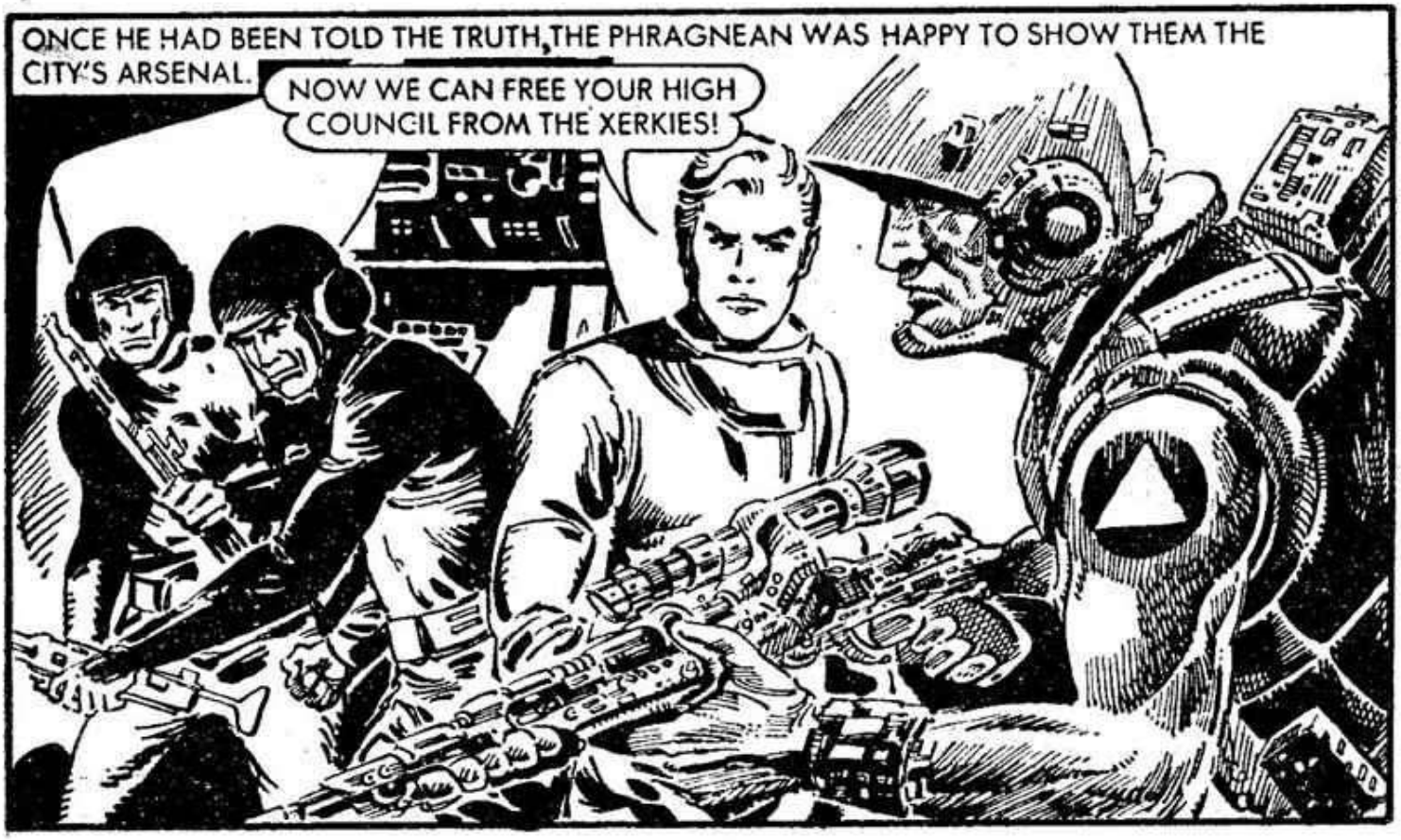
SO THAT'S WHY THE NAME PHRANGOS WAS FAMILIAR . . . IT WAS ONE OF THE NAMES ON THE CHARTS WE STUDIED.
SO YOU TRACED THE SHIP HERE!
RIGHT—WE KNEW THE SHIP'S CARGO WAS VITAL, BUT NOT WHAT IT WAS! IT TURNED OUT OT BE THE XERKONIAN ELITE GUARD!


WHEN WE GOT HERE, THE XERKONIANS HAD SECRETLY TAKEN OVER THE HIGH COUNCIL OF PHRAGNOS. THEY HAD ALL SHIPS SEARCHED AND WE WERE AS TRAPPED AS SPACE RATS. MOST OF THE POPULATION DON'T EVEN KNOW THE XERKIES ARE HERE.

THE MECHS EXPLAINED THE GRIM NEWS OF THE DEATHWHEEL.
SO THE XERKIES WANTED PHRAGNOS JUST TO GET AT THE DWARF SILVER AND PROTECT THEIR DIABOLICAL DEVICE!
HOWEVER, THIS LITTLE DEVICE WILL GET US OUT.

FLINT SUMMONED A REMOTE CONTROL TRANSPORT MODULE BY USING A MINUTE ACTIVATOR.
WE'LL LEAD THE WAY WITH THE BLASTERS.

YOU DON'T KNOW IT—BUT THIS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD. TAKE US TO SOME WEAPONS!
KRAAK


ONCE HE HAD BEEN TOLD THE TRUTH, THE PHRAGNEAN WAS HAPPY TO SHOW THEM THE CITY'S ARSENAL.
NOW WE CAN FREE YOUR HIGH COUNCIL FROM THE XERKIES!

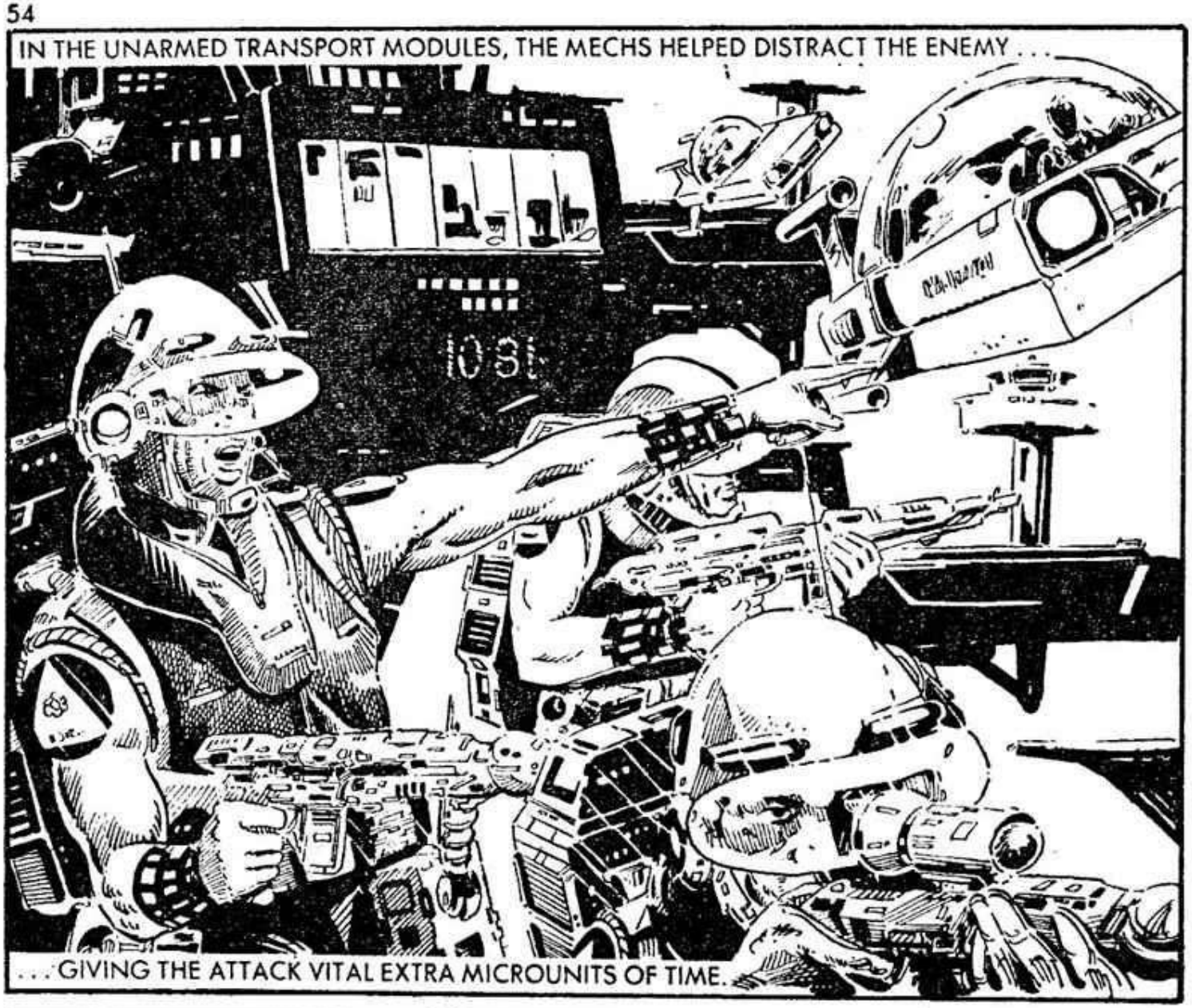
THE SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE INFILTRATED THE HQ OF THE HIGH COUNCIL OF PHRAGNOS.

THE COUNCILLORS MUST BE PRISONERS INSIDE THEIR OWN ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS.

WE MUST ACT IMMEDIATELY—GIVE THEM AS LITTLE WARNING AS POSSIBLE.

WEAPONS ON STUN. THESE PHRAGNEANS ARE ONLY BEING USED BY THE XERKIES.

THE ATTACK BEGAN—


IN THE UNARMED TRANSPORT MODULES, THE MECHS HELPED DISTRACT THE ENEMY . . .
. . . GIVING THE ATTACK VITAL EXTRA MICROUNITS OF TIME.

THE FIRST RESISTANCE WAS OVERCOME. BUT, HIDDEN FROM THE PHRAGNEAN PUBLIC, THE XERKONIAN ELITE GUARD WAS WAITING.

INSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS THE PHRAGNEAN HIGH COUNCIL WATCHED THE ATTACK.
FEDERATION TROOPS, ATTEMPTING A RESCUE.
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP.
BUT THEY MANAGED ON THEIR OWN—
TERRANS!
YES . . . SPACE ASSAULT SERVICE. CAN ANY OF YOU HANDLE ONE OF THESE?
THE MAKESHIFT SQUAD HAD SURPRISE ON THEIR SIDE—
SURPRISE, XERKIES! YOUR PRISONERS JUST GREW TEETH!

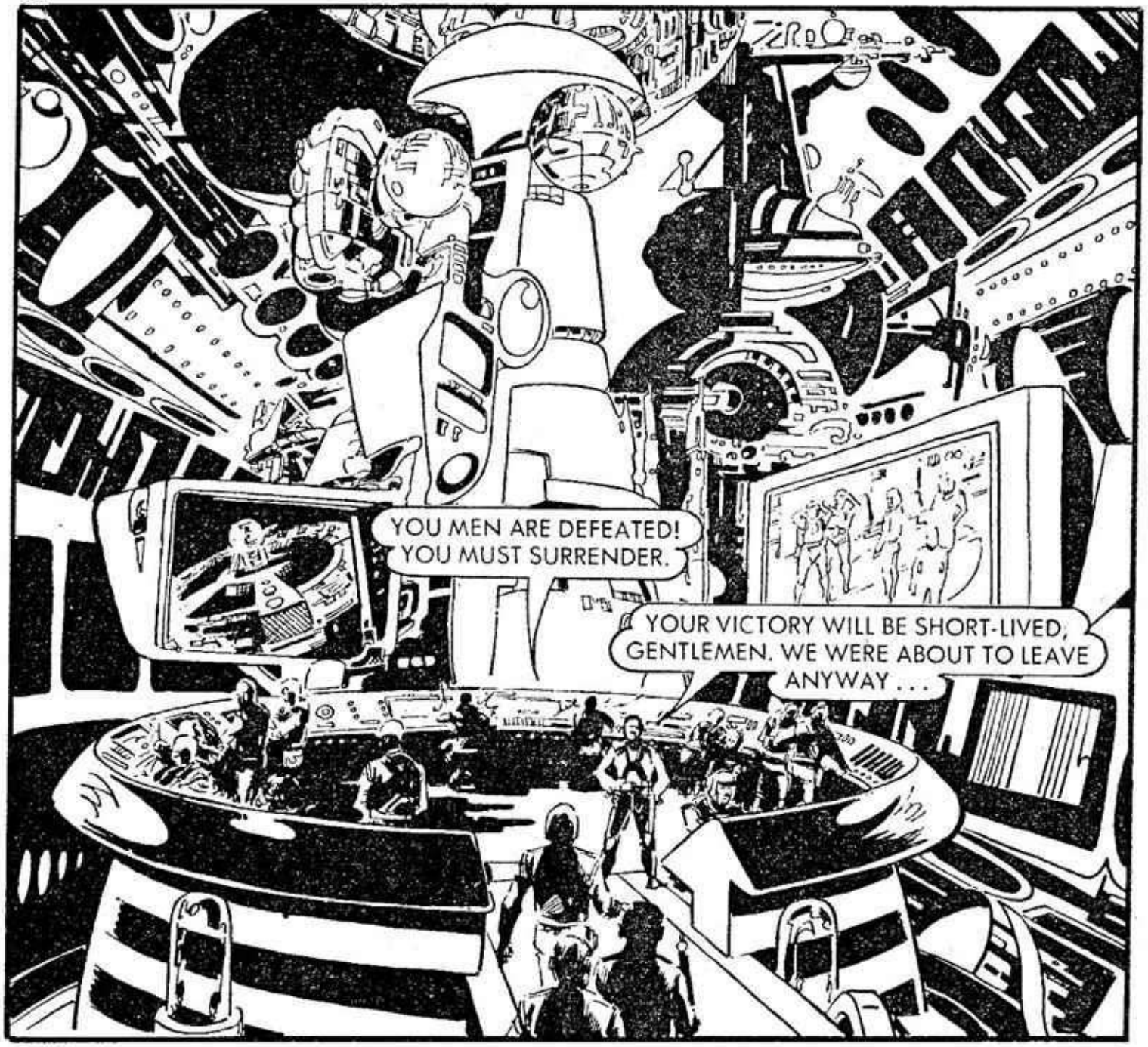
INTO THE PNEU-TUBES!
AND BE READY TO COME OUT BLASTING!

BELOW, THE XERKONIAN ELITE GUARD WERE PUTTING UP A TOUGH FIGHT..
THAK
KA-THAK

BUT THE MECHS, AND THE ANGRY PHRAGNEANS, ATTACKED FROM BEHIND.

NOW!

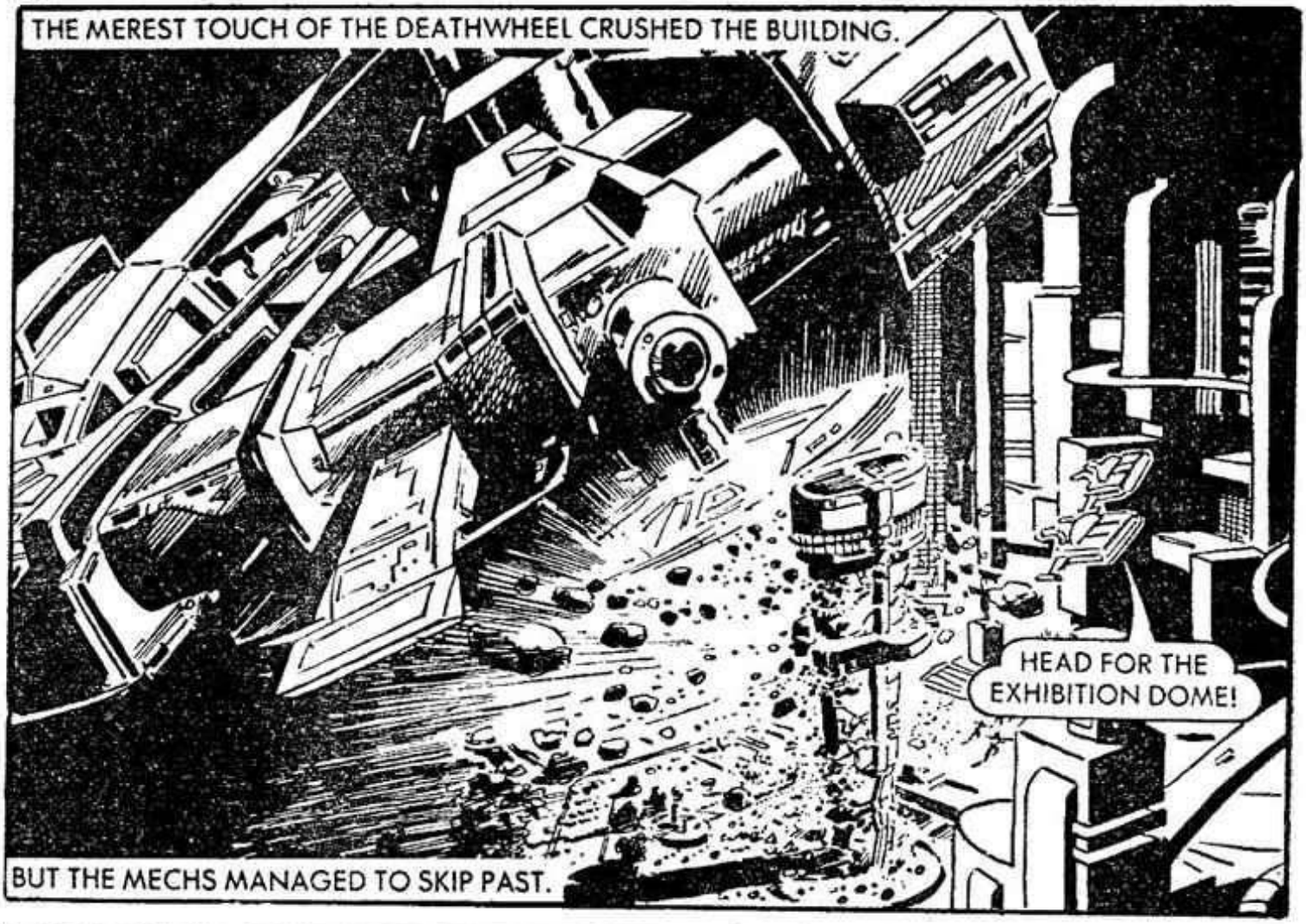
THE FIGHT WAS SOON OVER.
TO THE COUNCIL CHAMBER— AND ROUND UP THE LEADERS.


YOU MEN ARE DEFEATED! YOU MUST SURRENDER.
YOUR VICTORY WILL BE SHORT-LIVED, GENTLEMEN. WE WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE ANYWAY . . .

. . . YOU SEE, THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE OF PLAN. PHRAGNOS IS ABOUT TO BE NEUTRALISED . . .

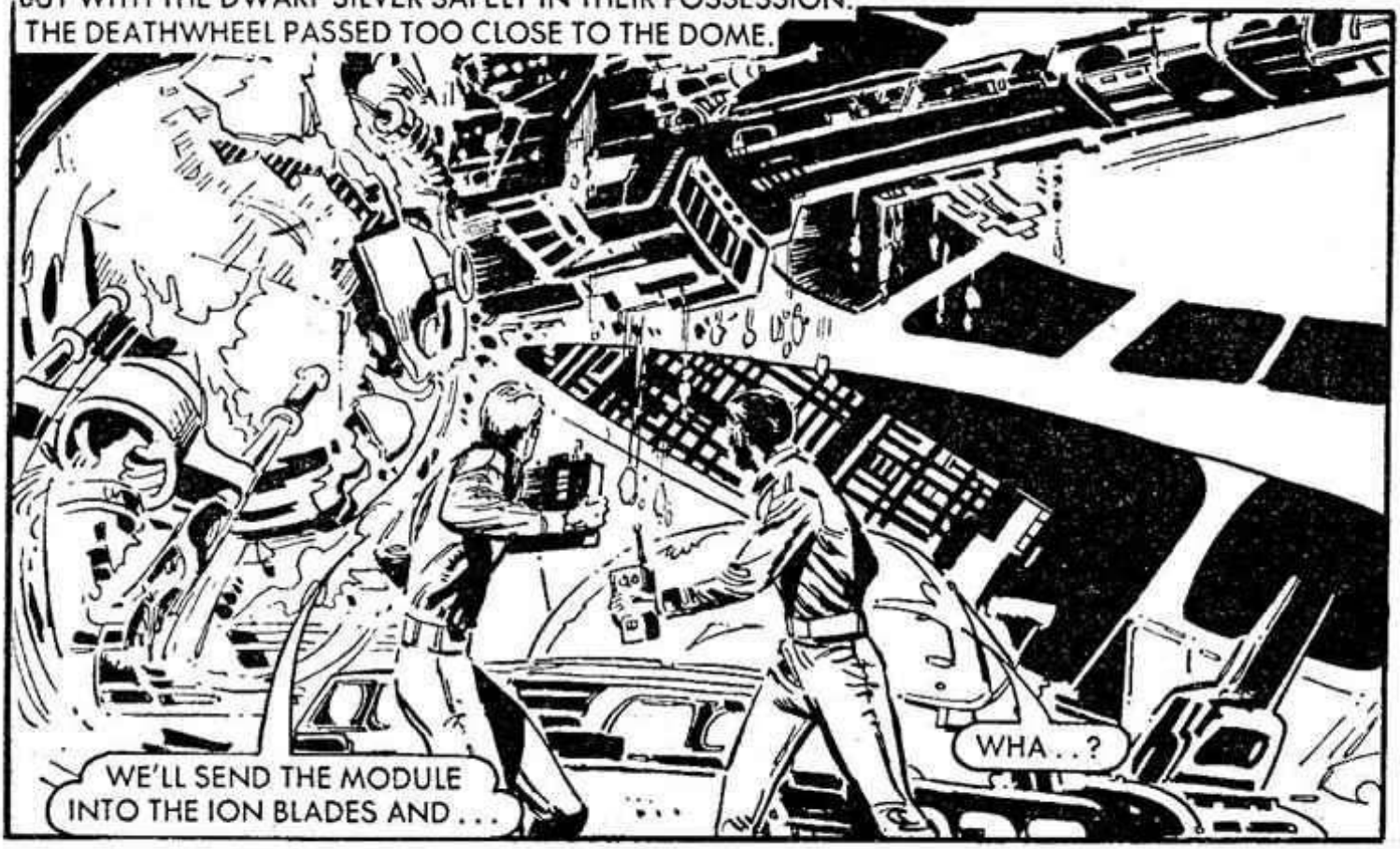
AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE DEATHWHEEL WAS PLOUGHING ITS WAY ACROSS THE PHRAGNOS CITY . . .
. . . THE DEATHWHEEL IS HERE!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE PHRAGNOS, AND EARTH—
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE DWARF SILVER!
TO THE TRANSPORT MODULES!


THE MEREST TOUCH OF THE DEATHWHEEL CRUSHED THE BUILDING.
HEAD FOR THE EXHIBITION DOME!
BUT THE MECHS MANAGED TO SKIP PAST.

THIS TIME WE'LL USE THE QUICK WAY IN!

BUT WITH THE DWARF SILVER SAFELY IN THEIR POSSESSION, THE DEATHWHEEL PASSED TOO CLOSE TO THE DOME.

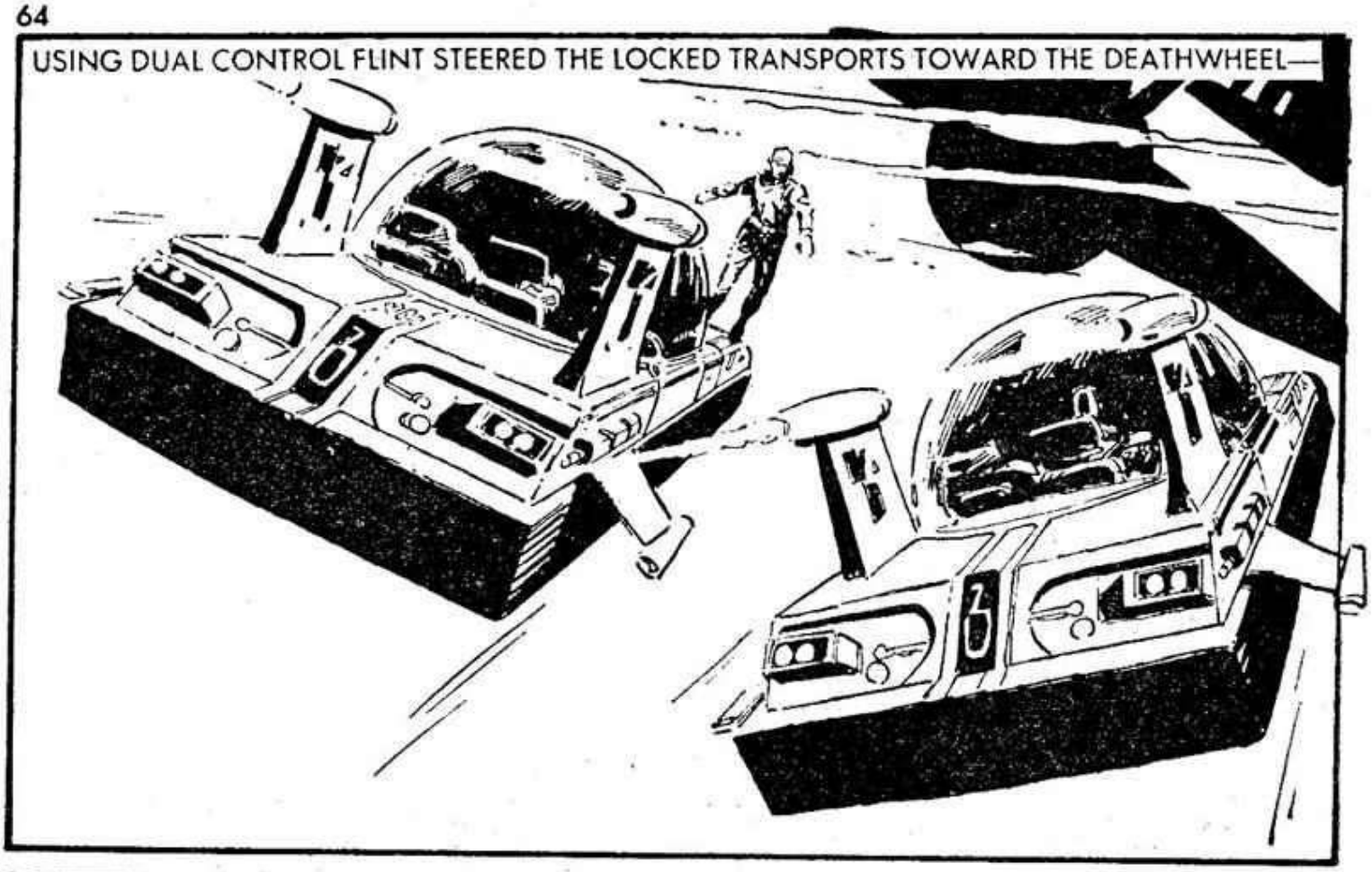


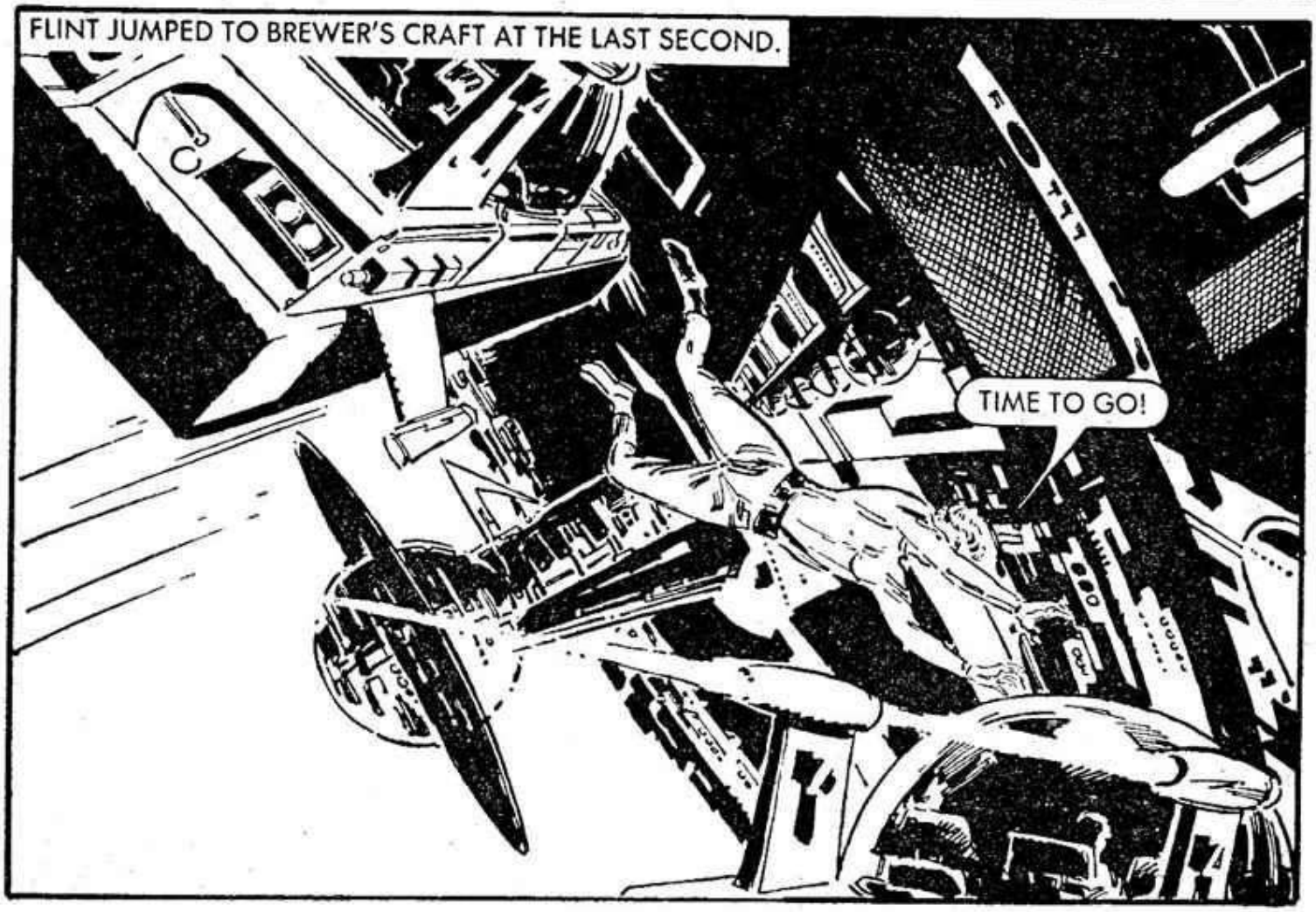
THE MODULES ARE OK— THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!

BUT THE REMOTE CONTROL'S SMASHED— ONE OF US WILL HAVE TO FLY THE MODULE INTO THE DEATHWHEEL'S BLADES!

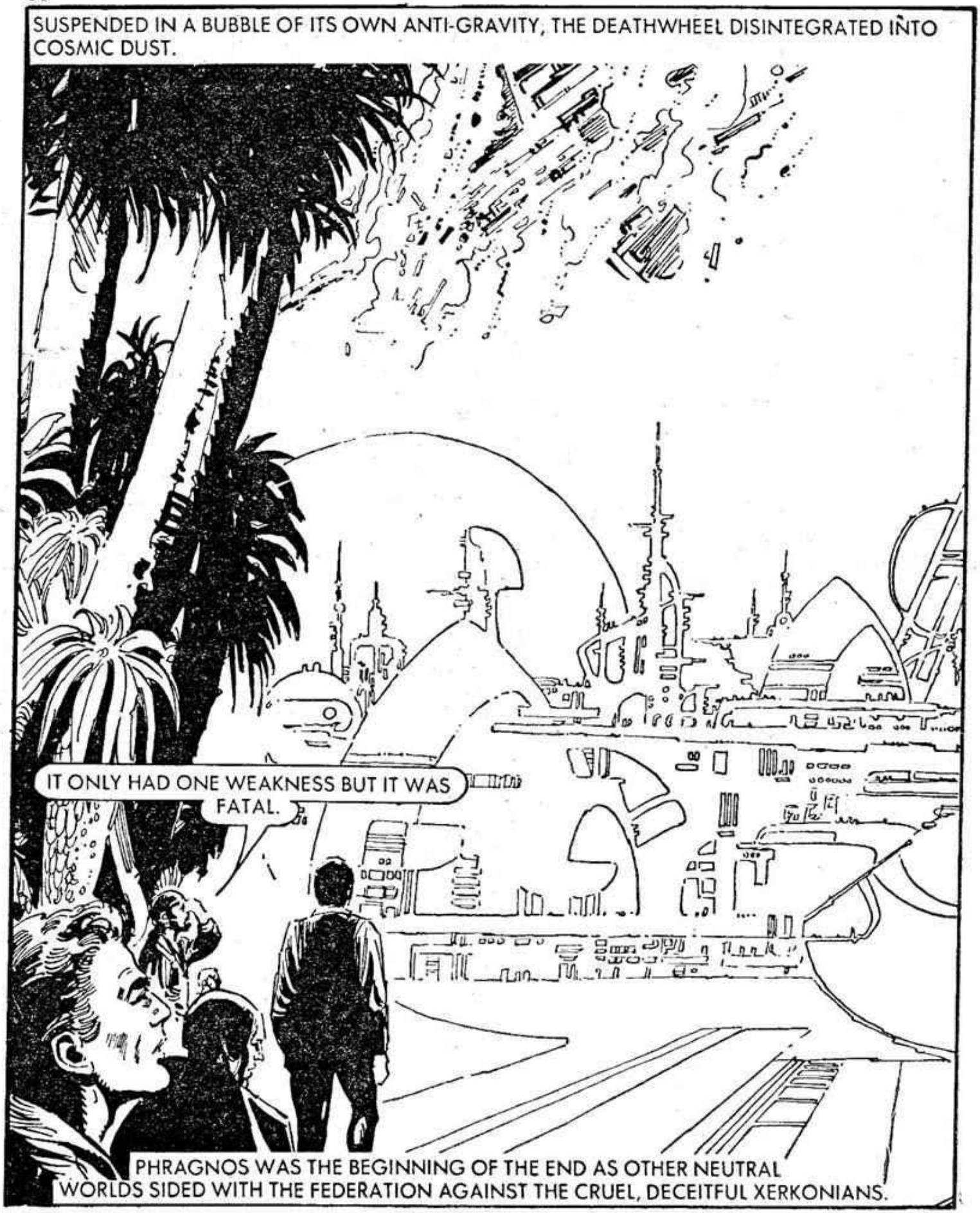
WHEN THE MODULES, ONE WITH THE DWARF SILVER SAFELY ABOARD, REAPPEARED.
PULL ALONGSIDE. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN DO THIS.

CONTROLS LOCKED. NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!


USING DUAL CONTROL FLINT STEERED THE LOCKED TRANSPORTS TOWARD THE DEATHWHEEL—


FLINT JUMPED TO BREWER'S CRAFT AT THE LAST SECOND.
TIME TO GO!

THE COLOSSAL MASS OF THE DWARF SILVER HIT THE ION BLADES.
THE STRAIN WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE HUGE STRUCTURE TO TAKE.
ITS VAST ANTI-GRAV FIELD AND ION CHARGE OVERLOADED, THE DEATHWHEEL BEGAN TO BREAK UP UNDER ITS OWN MASS.
THE ENEMY'S DEADLIEST WEAPON WAS DESTROYED.
THANK GOODNESS THE DWARF SILVER WORKED.



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DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S *OTHER*

On sale at your newsagent's *NOW!*

Owen Kay Garriott, 42 (right) and Major Jack Robert Lousma, 37, USMC flew Skylab 3 on July 28, 1973. They stayed in space for 59 days 11 hrs 9 mins 4 secs. Lousma was commander of shuttle STS 3, launched March 22, 1982 for a flight lasting 8 days 5 mins. He is now a politician. Garriott was mission specialist on space shuttle STS9/Spacelab 1 on November 28, 1983, a flight which lasted 10 days 7 hrs 47 mins 23 secs. He is assigned to a future STS mission.